



The STORY of
THE ILIAD
EDWARD BROOKS



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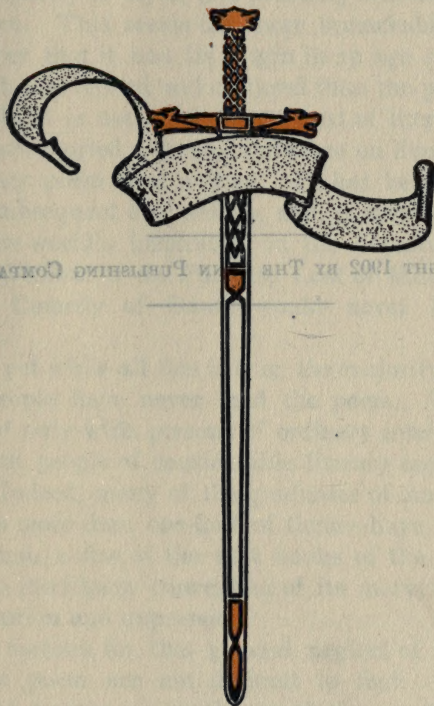
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The Story of the Iliad

BY DR EDWARD BROOKS A.M

Author of

"The Story of the Aeneid". "The Story of the Odyssey" etc



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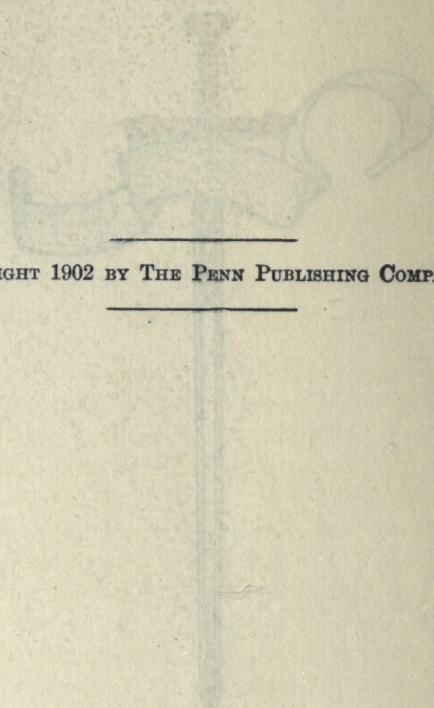
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PREFACE

THE world's greatest poem is said to be Homer's Iliad. In skill of invention, beauty of imagery, and simplicity of style, it is probably without a peer in literature. This seems the more remarkable when we remember that it had its origin in an age supposed to be much less refined and cultured than the present.

The Iliad is not only the greatest of literary works, but it has exerted a greater influence on literature than any other poem ever written. It has been the model for all subsequent epic writers, and, it may be said, has been the world's inspiration in the department of letters. Without it the Paradise Lost of Milton and the Divine Comedy of Danté would never have been written.

And yet while all this is true, the majority of intelligent people have never read the poem. This is the case not only with persons of ordinary intelligence but also with people of considerable literary taste and culture. Indeed, many of the graduates of our colleges—perhaps more than one-half of them—have never read more than a few of the first books of the poem, and have no intelligent conception of its marvelous merits of invention and expression.

The reasons for this general neglect of the world's greatest poem are not difficult to find. The work, either in a prose or poetic translation, contains much that is foreign to the thought of the ordinary reader;

and besides it is so involved in its structure and so indirect in the narration of many of the events that the story is not readily understood without some prior knowledge of it. A little study makes everything clear of course ; but in these busy days many people have not the time or the patience to read a work that requires much study. The college course in Greek has time for but a few books of the poem, and the demands of professional or business life after leaving college are so pressing that it is the exceptional student who returns to any of his Greek authors.

Realizing these two facts—the merits of the poem and the popular ignorance of it—and also the additional fact of the frequent reference to the Iliad in literature, I have thought that something might be done to increase the interest in and extend a knowledge of the poem by weaving its principal incidents into a story, calling it *The Story of the Iliad*. My thought has been to give a taste of its merits to young readers, and thus awaken an appetite that will not be satisfied until the entire work has been swallowed and digested. This Story of the Iliad may thus be regarded as a stepping-stone to the grandest poetical superstructure of all time.

In addition to this, a second object has been to furnish a story for young people which will be both interesting and instructive to them. There is to-day a demand for good books for the young such as the world has never before known. Many excellent books have been written for them, but much that is trashy and worthless is found in their hands. It has been the hope in pre-

paring this work that it would afford to the boys and girls of the country a story full of interest which will be read with pleasure; and at the same time give them something that will not be forgotten in a day, but which will remain in their memories and add interest to their subsequent reading

Mr. Bryant, in the preface to his excellent translation of the poem, tells us of his boyhood impressions of the work as he read it in an English version. "I recollect very well," he says, "the eager curiosity with which I seized upon the translation of Pope, and with what avidity I ran through the pages which rendered into our language what was acknowledged to be the greatest production of poetic genius that the world had seen. I read with a deep interest for the fate of Troy, and a kindly feeling toward Hector, whose part I took warmly against the bloodthirsty Achilles; and great as might have been the guilt of Paris, I read with an earnest wish that Troy might be delivered from its besiegers."

It is an interest and taste such as that which characterized the boyhood of our great poet that I would like to enkindle in the mind and heart of every boy and girl in the country. We need to-day more literary culture among our people, a higher appreciation of the great classics of literature. Our young people are reading so much that is weak and vapid that they are losing their taste for what is elevated and enduring. This work has been prepared with the hope of doing something for the cultivation of this higher literary taste.

The task, of course, is a humble one ; but the difficulties are by no means insignificant. What to select and what to omit, how to abridge the incidents and descriptions selected, and how to present them in such a way that young people will be interested in them ; all this presents no easy task. To have written the entire work in a prose narrative would have been a far simpler and easier task ; but that would not have done, as there are some things in it neither interesting nor suitable for young people to read. Besides, to reduce the poetic form to prose, and yet preserve a little of the flavor of the original, which was a very desirable thing to do, has added to the difficulties of the task.

Writing for young people, I have endeavored to adapt the style to their taste and capacity, and have thus, first of all, aimed at simplicity of expression. As a consequence I have been forced to omit some of the finest descriptions and most elegant passages of the poem. So, too, some of its finest sentiments had to be omitted as requiring more maturity of thought than is usually possessed by the class of readers for whom the work is more particularly intended. A little antique flavor is imparted to the style in many places by the use of old-fashioned expressions, which seems to be in keeping with the original.

The whole has been prepared with a very sincere desire of contributing something toward the happiness and culture of the young people of our country.

EDWARD BROOKS.

JUNE 30, 1890.

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TO MY YOUNG READERS

IT has long been my desire to write the Story of the Iliad for boys and girls. My first object in doing so is to afford them the pleasure of reading one of the most interesting and celebrated stories ever written. My second object is to aid them in becoming familiar with the events of the greatest poem in the world, and one that is more talked of by eminent men and women than any other.

The poem of the Iliad was written many centuries before the Christian era. Indeed, it is supposed that it was recited and sung for many years before it was reduced to writing. Its author is generally supposed to have been a man called Homer, but who he was is not certainly known. Some have thought that he was a wandering minstrel, who went from door to door begging his bread and singing parts of this beautiful poem in return for such charity as he might receive. It is said also that he was blind, and he has been called, in reference to the country in which he lived, "The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle."

Others again have thought that the poem was not written by any one person, but that it grew up among a people who were fond of hearing of the deeds of heroes—one minstrel composing one part and another composing another part, and that in time these were

collected and united into one great whole as we now find it. It is generally believed, however, that the story is mainly the production of one master mind—the greatest poetic mind probably that ever lived. It is not improbable that some of the parts previously existed in a fragmentary way, and that he wove them all together in the beautiful whole which we now possess.

It is supposed by some persons that the events of the story are based upon actual historic events, though greatly exaggerated by the imagination. It is also thought that the place where the city of Troy stood has been recently discovered, for in digging down deep into the ground which has been piled over it through the centuries that have passed, many things have been found similar to those described by Homer in his great poem. So it is seen that the poem possesses some interest also as a matter of history.

There is one thing that needs a little explanation in order that young readers may understand the story of the Iliad properly. The ancient people, among whom this poem was written, did not believe in one god, as most people do to-day, but rather in many different gods and goddesses, who lived in the celestial regions. The Iliad represents all these gods and goddesses as taking sides in the war and aiding the people whom they loved the best. Sometimes they would merely inspire their minds with wisdom and their hearts with courage, and then at other times they would assume disguises and appear on the field of battle actually fighting as if they were men. Such a belief is full of

poetry and adds a great deal of interest to the story, but it is so different from the belief of people at the present day that we must regard it only as a fancy of the imagination and not a reality.

There is one fact that young readers will not fail to notice, and that is that the people at the time in which the poem was written had a profound faith in the overruling power of the gods. We cannot but be impressed with their implicit trust in these higher powers and their deep reverence for them. It shows that such a belief is natural to the human soul. The contrast, however, between their low ideas of the heavenly beings and the lofty idea of a Supreme Being held by the modern Christian world is full of meaning and carries with it an impressive and useful lesson.

With these few words of introduction I commend the Story of the Iliad to all young persons as one of great interest, and I would advise them to read it so attentively that they can give the names of most of the heroes engaged and the principal events of the story. Those who read the story in this abridged form will find a much greater interest in it when they come to read it in the original Greek or any good translation of it. In respect to English versions of the poem, among all those which I have read I prefer that of our great poet, William Cullen Bryant.

THE AUTHOR.

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

—*Thomas Seward.*

The winds are high, and Helle's tide
Rolls darkly heaving to the main ;
And night's descending shadows hide
That field with blood bedewed in vain,
The desert of old Priam's pride ;
The tombs, sole relics of his reign,
All—save immortal dreams that could beguile
The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle !

—*Byron.*

THE STORY OF THE ILIAD

CHAPTER I

CAUSE OF THE TROJAN WAR

MANY years ago it was thought that the events of the world were ruled by beings who lived far away in the heavenly regions. These beings were very much like men and women, but superior to them in power and wisdom. They were called gods and goddesses, and were ruled by one of their number named Jupiter, the king of the gods. Each one of these gods and goddesses was supposed to possess some particular talent or virtue, or to represent some grace or accomplishment.

Venus was the goddess of Love and Beauty.

She was not born of parents, but sprang mysteriously from the foam of the sea. As she came into being the zephyrs wafted her along on the waves of the ocean to the Isle of Cythera. Here she was received by the Seasons, who dressed her in divine attire, placed a golden crown on her head, and adorned her neck, arms, and ears with golden ornaments. They then led her to the assembly of the gods, all of whom were captivated with her grace and beauty.

Venus was endowed with magical powers so that as she walked along by the sea-shore plants and flowers of the richest verdure and beauty sprang up at her feet. Her natural charms were increased by a girdle called a Cestus, which had the power of inspiring love in the bosom of all who saw her. Each one of the gods wished to make her his wife, but Jupiter gave her to Vulcan, a skilled worker in brass and gold, but ugly in feature, and a cripple. Thus this most beautiful of all the

goddesses became the wife of the most ill-favored of all the gods.

From Cythera the goddess made her way over the sea to Cyprus, where she lived for some time amid the gorgeous and magnificent scenery of that enchanting island. Here she became the mother of two beautiful children named Eros and Anteros. Each of these boys remained perpetually a child; and Eros, called also Cupid, became the god of "love bestowed," while Anteros was the god of "love returned."

For many years Venus and her two boys roamed about the world, now in the heavenly regions above, and now among mortals in the plains and valleys below. Sometimes they appeared in their true forms and sometimes they assumed disguises in which they could not be known; and again they made themselves invisible, so that they could move among people and not be seen by them. But whether seen or unseen, they were always busy inspir-

ing the tender sentiments of beauty and love in the hearts of gods and men.

In the course of time Venus with her two boys found their way to the heavenly regions of Mount Olympus, where all the great divinities were supposed to reside. Here they produced no end of trouble by kindling the flames of love in the hearts of the gods and goddesses themselves, causing them to fall in love not only with one another, but also with mortal men and women on the earth below. To punish Venus for this mischief Jupiter inspired Venus herself with a sentiment of love which led to great disaster. The object of her affections was Anchises, a handsome youth of the royal family of Troy, who lived in the mountains of Ida, not far from the city.

The way in which she came to fall in love with Anchises will be briefly told. There had been a marriage at one time among the divinities, and a goddess called Eris or Discord, had

not been invited to the wedding. Enraged at her slight, Eris determined to be avenged for the neglect by provoking a quarrel among those who were there. So she caused a beautiful golden apple to be made with an inscription marked upon it, "*For the most beautiful.*" This apple she threw in among the guests assembled at the wedding, and, as may be supposed, it created a great deal of controversy and ill-feeling.

Now attending the wedding were three of the most distinguished and beautiful of the heavenly goddesses,—Juno, the wife of Jupiter, Minerva, or Pallas, his blue-eyed daughter, and Venus the queen of beauty. Each of these goddesses claimed the apple and appealed to the king of the gods for his decision. Jupiter not wishing to decide in so delicate a matter, sent them to Mount Ida where the beautiful shepherd Paris was tending his flocks, and committed the decision to him. The goddesses accordingly appeared before him,

each attempting to bribe him to decide in her favor. Juno promised him power and riches ; Minerva offered him glory and renown in war ; and Venus promised him the most beautiful woman in the world for his wife. Paris awarded the golden apple to Venus, thus making the other goddesses his enemies.

Venus was so pleased with the decision that she took Paris under her special protection and made the solitudes of Mount Ida one of her favorite retreats. Here she became acquainted with Anchises, the brother of Paris, who had been dwelling among the mountains for many years rearing flocks and herds. Venus was pleased with this handsome youth, and inspired by Jupiter with the passion of love, she became deeply enamored with him and gave herself to him as his bride.

Venus did not appear to Anchises in the form of a goddess, but assumed the guise of a Phrygian princess, which she retained as long as she remained with him. They lived very



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS

happily together for a number of years, and had a son whom they named Æneas. This son became a great warrior and took an active part in the Trojan war which this story is going to describe. Æneas was also the hero of another wonderful story written many years ago, called the Æneid.

In course of time Venus became tired of the solitudes of Mount Ida and decided to leave Anchises and return to Olympus. At her parting from her husband she made herself known to him, and as one may suppose, Anchises was greatly surprised to learn that his beautiful wife was a goddess. She charged him, however, not to reveal to any one who she was, declaring that their son Æneas, whom she was going to leave with his father, would be destroyed by a stroke of lightning from heaven if the truth with respect to his mother should ever become known.

During all this time Venus did not forget her promise to Paris, who had awarded her the

prize of the golden apple. Under the guidance of the goddess, Paris soon after set sail for Greece, and at length arrived at Sparta, one of the northern divisions of that famous country. The king of Sparta was Menelaus, who received Paris with great hospitality. Menelaus had a beautiful wife named Helen; and this was the woman that the mischief-loving Venus had destined to be given to Paris for his wife.

Helen was supposed to be the most beautiful woman in the world. So great was her beauty that before her marriage suitors came from all parts of the country to woo her as a bride. Her father, while flattered at this compliment to his daughter, feared that if he gave her to any one of them he would incur the enmity of the rest; so he decided to consult Ulysses, king of Ithaca, who was renowned throughout Greece for his wisdom and prudence.

Ulysses, who was himself one of her admirers, advised him to assemble all the suitors of Helen and require of them a solemn oath

that they would not only acquiesce in her choice, but also unite to defend her preferred lover from every one who might dispute his right to the quiet possession of his wife. To this they all agreed, and when the suitors were assembled Helen chose Menelaus, the handsome king of Sparta, for her husband ; and was living happily with him when Paris became their guest.

Soon after the arrival of Paris, Menelaus was called away to Crete, leaving his wife to entertain the handsome youth from Troy. Paris proved himself unworthy of the hospitality and confidence of Menelaus ; for, aided by Venus, he won the affections of Helen and persuaded her to leave her husband and elope with him to Troy. He took also a large portion of the wealth of Menelaus, and carried it with the beautiful Helen to his own country. From this event arose the Trojan war, the theme of the greatest poems of antiquity, those of Homer and Virgil.

CHAPTER II

THE BEGINNING OF THE TROJAN WAR

WHEN Menelaus found that his beautiful wife had eloped with Paris, he was, as one may suppose, terribly incensed. He caused Greece to re-echo with his complaints against Priam's treacherous son. He reminded the kings of the oaths they had taken, and called upon them to join him in an effort to regain his wife. The feeling of indignation against Paris was also general, for he had not only robbed Greece of her greatest beauty, but he had carried off a citizen of a foreign country and grossly violated the rights of hospitality.

Ambassadors were immediately sent to Priam, king of Troy, demanding the return of Helen; but the old king, influenced by his son and his own paternal love, refused to grant

this just demand. The kings of Greece were indignant at this refusal, and formed a coalition to overthrow the city of Troy and recover Helen by force of arms. Each one fitted out and manned as many ships as he had at his disposal, and the whole fleet assembled in the harbor of Aulis, preparatory to sailing for Troy.

They elected Agamemnon, the brother of Menelaus and king of Mycenæ, as their leader. The other principal chiefs were as follows: Menelaus, king of Sparta; Nestor, king of Pylus, oldest and wisest among the Greeks; Diomed, the son of Tydeus, king of Argos; Ajax, the son of Telamon, renowned for his great strength; Ajax Oïleus, called the lesser Ajax, king of the Locri; Ulysses, or Odysseus, king of Ithaca, and renowned for his crafty counsel; Patroclus, the son of Menætius, and friend of Achilles; Idomeneus, grandson of the great judge, Minos, king of Crete, and with him Meriones; Machaön, a

great physician, son of Æsculapius; and many others whose names need not now be mentioned.

All these heroes came forward willingly at the call of Menelaus, except Ulysses. He had recently married a beautiful wife, named Penelope, and being very happy with her and his young son, had no disposition to embark on so troublesome an affair. He therefore hung back, and Palamedes was sent to persuade him to join the rest of the chiefs in avenging the wrongs of Menelaus.

When Palamedes arrived in Ithaca, Ulysses, to avoid him, pretended to be out of his mind. He yoked an ass and an ox together to the plow and began to sow salt in the field instead of grain. Palamedes, suspecting that his insanity was assumed, placed his infant son Telemachus before the plow, whereupon the father turned the plow aside, showing plainly that he was no madman, and after that he could no longer refuse to fulfil his promise.

The chiefs wished particularly to obtain the aid of Achilles, one of the most renowned of all the heroes of the age. He was the son of Thetis, at whose marriage the apple of Discord had been thrown among the goddesses. At the birth of Achilles, it has been said, his mother had plunged him in the river Styx, which made him invulnerable to any instrument of war in every part of his body except the heel by which she held him. If this was true, however, Achilles did not know of it, and Thetis herself seemed to have forgotten it. He grew up to be a beautiful youth, possessing every manly accomplishment, and combining every charm of grace, strength, skill, and prowess. Among all the heroes of the Trojan war, as we shall see, Achilles performed the greatest deeds of valor.

Thetis herself was one of the immortals, a beautiful sea-nymph of the ocean. Believing that her son was fated to perish before Troy if he joined the expedition, she endeavored to

prevent his going. So she sent him away to the court of King Lycomedes, and induced him to conceal himself in the disguise of a maiden among the daughters of the king. Learning where he was concealed, Ulysses conceived a plan by which he might induce him to join the other heroes in the war. He went to the palace disguised as a merchant, and offered for sale female ornaments, in which he had placed some arms. While the king's daughters selected the ornaments which pleased their taste, Achilles handled a spear and lance and thereby betrayed himself to the keen eye of Ulysses. His warlike ardor was still further excited by a trumpet that a companion of Ulysses carried with him, and they thus found little difficulty in persuading him to disregard his mother's prudent counsel and join his countrymen in the war. He immediately bade adieu to the court of Lycomedes, leaving one of the daughters of the king disconsolate who had conceived a

tender passion for the handsome young stranger.

After two years of preparation, the Greek fleet and army assembled at the port of Aulis. Here the fleet lay for a long time waiting for a fair wind to sail. During that time two very strange incidents occurred that will be here related.

One day when they were offering a solemn sacrifice to the gods, a huge serpent was seen gliding toward a plane tree on the topmost branch of which, hidden among the leaves, was a nest containing eight little sparrows. The serpent climbing the tree, caught these little birds and devoured them; and then while the mother bird was fluttering around, in anguish at the loss of her little ones, seized her by the wing and devoured her. The serpent, supposed to have been sent by Jove, was then suddenly turned into stone. The Greeks, who believed in omens, wondered what this could mean; but Calchas, a soothsayer, inter-

preted it by telling them that the siege of Troy would last nine years.

Another incident even more striking than this soon afterward occurred. Agamemnon one day in hunting, killed a stag which was sacred to Diana, the goddess of archery, boasting that he was superior in skill to Diana herself. In revenge for this insult, the goddess visited the army with pestilence, and also sent a calm which prevented the ships from leaving the port. Calchas, the soothsayer, influenced by Diana, announced that the wrath of the Virgin goddess could be appeased only by the sacrifice of a virgin upon her altar; and that none other than the daughter of the offender himself would be acceptable.

Now Agamemnon had a beautiful young daughter named Iphigenia, and though reluctant, he was at last obliged to yield his consent for her to be offered as a sacrifice. She was sent for under the pretense that she was to be given in marriage to Achilles. Accom-

panied by her mother she was led to the altar of the indignant goddess ; but just as the sacrificial knife was raised to take her life the goddess relented, and enveloping her in a cloud she snatched her away, leaving a hind in her place, and carried her to Tauris, where Diana made her a priestess in her temple.

The wind now proving favorable the fleet made sail and brought their forces to the coast of Troy. Priam, it will be remembered, was king of Troy, and Paris the shepherd and abductor of Helen was his son. Paris had been brought up in seclusion, because there were certain ominous forebodings connected with him from his infancy that he would be the ruin of the State. These forebodings seemed now likely to be realized, for the Grecian armament was the greatest that had ever been fitted out, and the commanders and heroes connected with it were the most distinguished in the world. Still Troy was no feeble enemy. Though Priam, the king, was now old, he had

been a wise prince, and had strengthened his state by good government at home and numerous alliances abroad.

But the principal support to his throne was his son Hector, a hero and warrior of great renown, and one of the noblest characters of antiquity. He was united in marriage to Andromache, a lovely and accomplished woman; and as a husband and father he was not less admirable than as a warrior. Hector felt from the first a presentiment of the fall of his country, but though he did not justify the wrong which brought this danger upon her, he prepared for an heroic resistance.

The principal leaders on the side of the Trojans, beside Hector, were Æneas, the son of Anchises and the goddess Venus; Pandarus, from Mount Ida, with the bow which Apollo had given him; Asius, the son of Hyrtacus, who came from the river Hellespont; Sarpedon, of Lycia, who was supposed to be the son of Jove; and with him Glaucus.

Besides these there were several of the brothers of Hector,—Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, etc.

The war was begun by the Trojans opposing the landing of the Greeks on the coast of Troy. At the first onset Protesilaus fell by the hand of Hector. Protesilaus had left at home his wife Laodamia, who was most tenderly attached to him. When the news of his death reached her, she was overwhelmed with grief, and implored the gods to be allowed to converse with her husband for only three hours. This request was granted; and Pallas led Protesilaus back to the upper world, and when he died again Laodamia died with him. There was a story that the nymphs planted elm trees around his grave, which grew very well until they were high enough to command a view of Troy; and then withered away, while fresh branches sprang from the roots.

At last the Greeks effected a landing and laid siege to the city. At the approach of the Greeks the inhabitants of the country sought

refuge within the walls, and the gates were closed. The brave Hector flew to the ramparts to resist the attack of the Greeks, and his example cheered the hearts of the timid and disheartened. They all gathered around him and followed him in every sally that he made, and for a period of nearly ten years resisted every effort of the Greeks to take the city.

In this war, it should be stated, it was believed that the celestials took part, some espousing one side and some the other. Imperial Jove, the father of the gods, sat at the top of Mount Olympus, holding the balance in his mighty hand, and directing the fate of the combatants. In favor of the Greeks were Juno, the queen of the Heavens; Minerva, or Pallas, the goddess of wisdom and also of war; Neptune, the ruler of the waves; and Mercury, or Hermes, the swift messenger of the immortals.

On the side of the Trojans stood Venus, the

goddess of beauty; Apollo, the god of archery and music; Diana, the goddess of the chase; and Latona, the mother of Apollo and Diana. Mars, the god of war, went from one army to the other, though, usually, through the influence of Venus, he gave his aid to the Trojans. The manner in which these gods and goddesses took part in the war will be learned as the story proceeds.

After the war had continued for more than nine years without any decisive results, an event occurred that seemed likely to be fatal to the Greeks. This was a quarrel between the two great chiefs, Achilles and Agamemnon. It is at this point that the great poem of Homer, the Iliad, begins, and the story of this poem we are now to relate.

CHAPTER III

THE QUARREL OF THE CHIEFS

NINE long years had passed away since the Greeks landed upon the coast of Troy. Having been away from home for so many years they were often in need of provisions and munitions of war. To procure such supplies it was their custom to leave a part of their army to watch the city and to send a part of it to spoil such towns in the country around as they knew to be friendly to the Trojans, or as they thought contained a good store of provisions or treasure. The people of these towns they regarded as barbarians, and therefore the lawful prey of the men of Greece.

Among the towns which they treated in this fashion was Chrysa, a city sacred to the god Apollo, who had a great temple therein, and a

priest who took charge of it. The Greeks in taking the town had been careful not to harm the temple or the priest, fearing the displeasure of the god; but they had carried off with other prisoners a young maiden, named Chryseis, the daughter of the priest. These and the rest of the spoil were divided among the kings, of whom, as we have seen, there were many, each ruling his own people.

Now King Agamemnon, the commander-in-chief of the army, did not usually go with them on these expeditions, but remained to take charge of the siege that it should not be neglected. When the spoil taken by those who had gone out came to be divided, however, he, as it seemed proper, always received a share with the rest. This time there fell to his lot among other things which they had taken, the captive maiden Chryseis. The next day her father, Chryses, came to the Greek camp bearing the sacred emblems of his office, and begged the release of his

daughter, offering a great ransom for her. He went to all the chiefs, and presented his request that they would take the gold and give him back his daughter.

The Grecian chiefs listened to him kindly, and advised their leader to take the liberal gifts and restore Chryseis to her father. Agamemnon, however, was not pleased with this request, and refused to give up the captive maiden. He treated the aged priest roughly, and dismissed him with threats of violence, saying, "Get thee gone, Graybeard, or it shall be worse for thee and all thy priesthood."

Fearing the wrath of the king, Chryses walked in his sorrow down by the shore of the sea, and there prayed to Apollo to afflict the Greeks until they should be forced to yield to his request. Apollo, indignant at the insult to one of his priests, heard his prayer and decided to answer it. Down from the Olympian mount he quickly came, armed with his bow and with his quiver full of

arrows. Seating himself upon the shore, he sent forth his arrows of death, first on the mules and dogs, and then on the men; and soon all along the shore there arose black clouds of smoke from the piles of wood on which the bodies of the dead were burned.

Juno, the queen of the gods, whose sympathies were with the Greeks on account of the slight to her charms by Paris awarding the apple to Venus, moved the heart of the great hero Achilles to call the Greeks to a council. When they had assembled Achilles rose and proposed that they consult some priest to find out why they were thus afflicted, saying that "it were better to return home than that they should all perish here by the plague."

As he took his seat, Calchas, the chief of the augurs, rose, and said that if Achilles would swear to stand by him and protect him from the anger of Agamemnon, he would speak out his mind freely on the matter. Achilles gave him his promise, swearing by

Apollo that no one should dare lay his hands upon him while he lived.

Then Calchas told them that their woes were caused by their insult to the priest of Apollo in refusing to set his daughter free, and that the god would never withdraw his hand until the maiden was restored to her father. "My advice is," he said, "that we send her back to Chrysa without ransom, and with a hundred beasts for sacrifice so that the plague may be stayed."

Agamemnon was greatly displeased at these words. His pride was touched and his heart was sore at the thought of giving up his beautiful captive. He rose in a great fury and with flashing eyes and angry voice called Calchas a prophet of evil, always speaking something against him. "The damsel I prize," he said, "more than my wife at home, for she is equal to her in all the graces of body and mind and in every winning accomplishment." Yet, for all this, he said, he was willing to

give her back to her father rather than see his people perish by the arrows of the archer god Apollo. He demanded, however, that he be amply recompensed for the loss of the maiden by a division of the shares of the spoil that had fallen to the other chiefs.

Achilles reminded him that these shares had already been sold or disposed of, and that it would be impossible now to make another division of them. Besides, he said, it would not be fitting that the people should be asked to return what had been given to them. "Give up the maiden," he said, "without conditions, and when we shall have taken Troy, we will repay thee three and four-fold."

Agamemnon replied that Achilles need not think to beguile him with crafty words, for he would not be thus cheated out of his share of the spoil. If the Greeks would give him a share such as he should have, he said, well and good; but if not, he would take by force a share from some of them, for a share he

would have. He then demanded that Achilles should yield to him in place of Chryseis a beautiful maiden, named Briseis, who had fallen to Achilles in the division of the spoils.

Indignant at this unjust demand, Achilles's face grew dark as a thunder cloud, and in angry words he accused Agamemnon of being shameless in his greed, called him an ill ruler of men, never sharing the dangers of battle with the rest of them, yet always taking the lion's share of the spoils. He then said that if such things were to be he would quit the expedition and return to his home.

Agamemnon in great anger told him he might go, and his warriors with him, that he had other chieftains as good as he, and ever ready to pay him due respect. As for the matter of the spoil, he said, he not only demanded Briseis in return for his sending Chryseis to her father, but he would come and bear her away by force if need be, and thus

show him and all of them that he was sovereign lord here in the hosts of the Greeks.

Achilles growing still more angry at this threat, laid his hand on his sword-hilt and had partly drawn the weapon from its sheath, when Pallas, sent by Juno, who loved both of the chiefs alike, touched him on his golden hair, saying, "I have come from heaven to stay thy anger. Use bitter words if thou wilt, but let not thy hand unsheathe thy sword. I tell thee truly, however, that for this day's wrong, Agamemnon will hereafter bring thee priceless gifts, three-fold and more for all he takes away to-day."

These words changed the purpose of Achilles, for he knew it was a voice from heaven, and he promised to obey, saying, "to him who hearkens to the gods, the gods give ear." Then he thrust his silver-hilted sword back into its sheath, and turning on Agamemnon vented upon him his wrath, calling him "a drunkard, with the face of a dog and the heart

of a deer;" telling him that he had never dared to arm himself for the battle like the rest of them, such was his craven fear of death, but that it better suited him to rob some warrior of his prize. As he thus spoke he flung his golden-studded sceptre to the ground and took his seat.

All the chiefs heard this bitter quarrel with deep regret. Nestor, the sweet voiced orator, whose tongue, it was said, dropped words more sweet than honey, rose and with pleasant speech endeavored to reconcile the two chiefs. He advised Agamemnon not to take the maiden from Achilles, but to allow him to keep the prize that had been awarded him by the sons of Greece. He urged Achilles, also, to strive no longer with the king on whom Jove had bestowed such eminence; for that though he was braver and born of a goddess, yet Agamemnon had greater power and wider sway.

Agamemnon in reply said, "The things

which thou hast uttered, aged chief, are fitly spoken ; but this fellow, Achilles, would be above all others ; he would be lord of all and king of all, and captain over all of them ; and he must be taught that there is one here better than himself."

To this Achilles answered, "Well might I deserve the name of coward and wretch if I owned you as my lord. You may play the master over others, but think not to master me ; I will obey you no longer. I shall not lift my hand to keep the maiden who was given me and is now to be taken from me ; but if you dare to touch anything else that is my own, that hour your life-blood will redden on my spear."

Thus the quarrel ended, and the assembly was dissolved. Achilles withdrew his forces from the general camp, accompanied by Patroclus and other warrior friends, and avowed his intention of returning to his home in Greece.

Meanwhile Agamemnon made preparations to send Chryseis to her home. He bade them launch a swift bark with twenty chosen men as rowers, and put an offering in it for the gods. He then led hither the fair-cheeked maiden, gave the command of the embassy to Ulysses, and sent them to Chrysa.

As soon as this was done Agamemnon called two heralds and bade them go to the tent of Achilles for the fair maiden Briseis, telling them to say to Achilles that if he will not let her come he would come himself with a band of warriors to fetch her, when it would be the worse for him.

The heralds went much against their will, for they knew that a great wrong was being done to Achilles. When they reached his tent they found the hero seated beside it with his head bowed in grief; and, in fear and reverence, they stood silent before him. Achilles saw them, and knowing their purpose bade them welcome, telling them that he did not

blame them as they were only the messengers of Agamemnon. Then turning to his friend Patroclus he bade him bring the damsel from the tent and let the heralds lead her away. Patroclus, obeying the word of his friend, brought the fair-cheeked maiden from the tent and gave her to the heralds. And she unwillingly, and with a sad heart, went with them, for she loved Achilles, who had treated her very tenderly and thought to make her his wife.

When the messengers were departed Achilles withdrew from his friends, and going down to the shore sat beside the ever-sounding sea. Here weeping and with outstretched hands he prayed for his mother Thetis, who was a goddess of the sea. His mother heard his cry where she sat in the ocean depths beside her father Neptune, and quickly rising like a mist from the waves sat before him. She gently smoothed his brow with her soft hand, and weeping with him, called him by name,

and inquired the cause of his grief. Then Achilles told her how he had been wronged by Agamemnon's taking from him the fair Briseis whom he fondly loved.

When Thetis had heard the story of his wrongs she gently soothed his spirit with words of sympathy, advised him to abide by his ships and take no more part in their battles, while she would ascend the Olympian heights and present the matter to the king of the gods and entreat his assistance. So saying she departed, leaving him in bitter grief for the loss of the fair damsel who was so dear to his heart; but seeking to console himself with the hope that his deep wrong might be avenged.

In the meantime Ulysses arrived at Chrysa with his beautiful captive maiden. Entering the port they folded the sails, and lowered the masts, and cast their anchors, and secured the prow of their ship with fastenings. The next day they disembarked, and standing on

the beach placed the hecatomb in sight of Apollo as a peace-offering to him. Then they brought Chryseis from the deck, and, leading her up to the altar, Ulysses gave her to her father, who joyfully received the child he loved. Chryses, the priest, then lifted up his hands and prayed that the plagues which had been wasting the Greeks might be stayed; and the offerings to Apollo were then made. All day long they feasted and chanted forth their beautiful hymns to the archer of the sky. The god heard their prayers and his heart was softened; and the arrows that had been wasting the Grecian forces ceased to fly. Then Ulysses and his companions set sail again and returned to the Grecian army.

Thetis kept in mind her son's desire, and with the early morning rose from the sea-waves and hastened upward to the heavenly regions. Here she found Jove apart from the other gods seated on the highest pinnacle of Mount Olympus. Sitting down before him and

clasping his knees with one hand, and with the other upraised, she prayed that he would avenge the wrongs of her son by giving the Trojan hosts the victory until the humbled Greeks would be willing to make amends for what they had done.

Jove listened for awhile in silence, hesitating to grant her request, for he knew it would arouse the anger of Juno, who favored the Greeks and hated the Trojans; but Thetis was so persistent in her prayer that at last Jupiter yielded to her entreaties and gave her his promise that he would grant her request. To make this promise the more sure, he told her he would confirm it with a nod of his head which was the symbol of the highest certainty. As he gave this nod his ambrosial curls were shaken on his forehead, and Mount Olympus trembled to its centre.

Then Jupiter bade Thetis to depart quickly lest Juno, his queen, should perceive her, and her jealousy be aroused. Swiftly she flew

from high Olympus to her home in the deep, and Jupiter returned to his palace, where all the gods, uprising from their thrones as he came, met him to do him honor.

But Juno had seen that the silver-footed goddess had been in secret council with her consort and that he had yielded to her prayer. So, with angry voice she chided him for holding council with others and keeping his secret purposes from her. Jupiter replied that it was not fitting that she should know all his plans, but that there was no one to whom he would more willingly reveal them than to her.

Juno answered that it had not been her wont to pry into his plans, but to leave him to act in secret as he thought best. But she said—and this she said to taunt him—that she had no doubt but that he had been won over by the persuasion of Thetis to honor her son Achilles and bring disaster upon the Greeks.

Jupiter, stung by her taunting words, said

that she was always perverse and suspicious of his actions, but that in these things he should do as he thought best. He then commanded her to sit down and obey his will in silence, or else all the gods upon Olympus would not protect her from his wrath.

Overawed by these words, Juno curbed her high spirit and took her seat in silence. Vulcan, her son, sought to console her, though he dared not interfere in her behalf; for once when he had taken her part Jove had seized him by the foot and flung him over the battlements of heaven, whence falling to earth he was lamed for life. He advised her to yield her will to that of Jove, and speak to him in gentle words.

Juno's heart was touched with these words of sympathy and love; and she took the cup of wine which he poured for her, and then, with brightening eyes and smiling face joined in the banquet of the gods. Apollo struck the harp, and music floated through the palace

hall, and all their voices joined in sweet accord.

So they feasted all day long till sunset. But when the sun's all-glorious light was gone they went each to his own house to sleep, for Vulcan had formed for each, with marvelous skill, a chamber of rest. Jupiter went also to his couch where he was wont to recline when slumber overtook him, and there also slept the white-armed queen Juno, mistress of the golden throne.

CHAPTER IV

AGAMEMNON'S DECEITFUL DREAM

SOFT slumber fell upon the world and folded the arms of men and gods to rest. But no refreshing sleep came to the eyes of the All-Father who lay planning in his mind how he should keep his promise to Thetis and honor Achilles by bringing disaster to the Grecian fleet. At length he determined to send a dream to Agamemnon, telling him to prepare for battle since the hour had come which should give into his hand the city of Troy.

So he called to him a Vision and bade it go down to the earth and tell Agamemnon to prepare for battle. Down from the heavenly regions the Vision quickly flew, and, entering Agamemnon's tent, found him quietly resting in the arms of sleep. Taking its station at

his head, the Dream assumed the form of Nestor, a prince whom Agamemnon honored above all the aged men of his camp. In this shape the heaven-sent Dream whispered to the king that it was the will of the gods that he should now lead his forces against the city of Troy, as a fearful doom, decreed by Jupiter, hung over the Trojans. Thus speaking the Dream departed, leaving its words in the mind of the sleeping king.

Awaking from his slumbers with the heavenly voice still sounding in his ears, the mind of Agamemnon was filled with deep unrest. Little could he know for what purpose this deceitful dream had been sent. So he quickly arose, put on his tunic and cloak, fastened his sandals on his feet, hung from his shoulders his silver-studded sword, and took in his hand the great sceptre of his house, which was the token of his sovereignty over all the Greeks. Then he went forth and bade his heralds call the Greeks together.

While they were assembling he revealed his vision to a council of his leading warriors and asked their advice as to what was best to be done. The council were deeply impressed with the dream, believing it to be the voice of Jove calling them to arms. It was decided that they all go forth and use their influence to rouse the Greeks to renew the conflict. This was no easy task, for the Grecian heroes had been unsuccessful so long that they had little hope of defeating the forces of Troy, and had grown weary of the contest.

When the Grecian army were assembled at the appointed place, Agamemnon appeared before them; but instead of urging them to resume the war he resorted to a strange artifice to arouse their waning enthusiasm. He told them that he had been entangled in an evil net by Jove, who now commanded him to return to Greece. Nine years, he said, had passed since they began the war, the planks in their vessels were moldering, the cables

were dropping to pieces, and their wives were sitting in their distant homes with their children awaiting their return. "Now let us all," he said, "obey the mandate which I reveal to you, and hasten with all our fleet to our beloved homes, for Troy with her broad streets we can never take."

The crowd of warriors were stirred by these words and ran with great tumult to their ships, drawing away the props from beneath them and exhorting one another to drag their stranded vessels out into the water. Then would the Greeks have given up the contest and departed for their homes; but Juno, still bent upon her revenge for the slight she had received, bade Pallas go down to the Grecian warriors and restrain them from their mad intent. Flying quickly to the earth, Pallas found Ulysses and urged him to go among the Greeks and try to induce them to remain and not give up the fight.

Ulysses knew the voice of the goddess, and

went without delay among the people to try to persuade them to remain and continue the contest. Wherever he found a captain or a man of mark, he spoke to him in gentle words and reasoned with him to show why they ought not yet to give up the struggle. But when he found some loud-mouthed fellow shouting with thoughtless words, he bade him hold his tongue and listen to those who were wiser than himself. "A multitude of masters," he said, "is no good thing; let there be one master and one king whom we should all obey."

So he persuaded them and they came rushing back from all the ships and tents to the council. When they were assembled they all sat in silence, except a fellow named Thersites, who with clamorous tongue kept brawling words of insolence to make the people laugh. Ill-favored was he—squint-eyed, lame in one foot, round-shouldered, hump-backed, and with a scanty growth of hair on his pointed head.

He had made himself hateful to the chiefs, and especially to Achilles and Ulysses, by his habit of scoffing at their actions and their words.

With a loud voice he now began to revile Agamemnon, telling him that his tents were full of gold and chosen damsels, and now he wished the war to continue that he might still enrich his store. He reproached him also for his quarrel with Achilles whom he had dishonored and driven from their ranks. Then turning to the warriors he said, "Let us depart home with our ships and leave this fellow here in Troy-land to gorge himself with spoil, and dishonor better men than himself."

With these words the Greeks were sorely vexed, and at last their anger was aroused. Ulysses, going quickly to his side and looking him sternly in the face, commanded him to hold his garrulous tongue and stop reviling their leader and the other chiefs. Then raising his sceptre, while the scoffer cowered before him,

he smote him on the back and shoulders raising a bloody welk where the golden sceptre fell. Thersites took his seat amazed, and wincing with pain wiped away a tear. The other warriors, though they felt a sense of pity in their hearts, laughed lightly at him, and said one to another that though Ulysses had done many good things, one of the best of all was that he had stopped this prating railer from his harangues.

Ulysses then holding his sceptre in his hand, rose and commanded silence. He then addressed them, speaking of the toils and sufferings they had borne, and of the disgrace that they would feel in lingering here so many years and then returning empty handed to their homes. He reminded them of the incident of the serpent that had come gliding swiftly toward the tree and seized and eaten eight little birds in their nest and then devoured the parent bird, making nine in all. and how Calchas had interpreted the omen to

mean that so many years the war should last and that the tenth year would give into their hands the city of Troy. "Let us," he said, "remain here until we take the great city of Priam."

These words of Ulysses made a deep impression on their minds and were greeted with applause, the ships ringing with clamorous voices sounding his praises. Nestor, the aged chief, revered among them all for his prudent counsel, also addressed them and urged them to continue the war and not go home "until each possessed a Trojan wife, and thus avenge the wrongs of Helen."

Then Agamemnon, praising the words that had been spoken, also joined with the other heroes and advised the continuance of the contest. He expressed his regret for his quarrel with Achilles, and said that if they could meet again as friends the overthrow of Troy would not be delayed an hour. "Now," he said, "all go to your repast, and then prepare for battle.

See that your spears are sharp, and put on your shields in order, and give the swift-footed steeds their forage, and overlook the cars that they be strong for the war, for all day long we shall maintain the stubborn fight.”

Roused by these words, they raised a mighty shout and rushed forth intent to renew the contest. In haste they went among their ships and kindled the fires within their tents and took their morning meal. Then they made their offerings to their different gods, and implored their protection and aid in the war. When this was all attended to the loud-mouthed herald summoned them to get ready for the fight.

At the call they came quickly together, and the kings hastened through the crowd to form the army into ranks. Pallas, the blue-eyed goddess, bearing on her arm her golden ægis with its hundred golden fringes, walked among them to awaken the martial spirit in their breasts. Their burnished armor flashed on

every side, and the earth trembled beneath their feet as they marched forward to renew the battle.

Jupiter looking down from Mount Olympus, saw the army of the Greeks marching toward Troy. So he sent his swift-winged messenger Iris to inform the Trojans and bid them prepare for the battle. Assuming a disguise, Iris appeared before Hector in the form of his brother Polites, who, being a swift runner, had been placed as a sentinel upon a lofty tomb to watch the movements of the Greeks and give warning should they come forth from their galleys. Addressing Hector, she said: "The army of the Greeks are marching across the plain in numbers like the leaves of the forest or the sands of the sea; summon the allies therefore and prepare for the coming fight."

Hector knew the voice of the goddess, and heeding her counsel, called the Trojan forces to arms. They came rushing quickly together, and leading them forward he ordered the gates

of the city to be thrown open. Through the gates, horse and foot, they poured forth in tumultuous haste, eager for the fray.

Among the chiefs were Æneas, leader of the Dardaneian troops, Sarpedon, ruler of Lycia, Asius, chief of the Thracian forces, and many more whose names we cannot stop to mention.

At the head of them all marched Priam's noble son, the immortal Hector, with his beamy helm. With shout and clang of arms the Trojan hosts moved forward like a flock of cranes bent on the destruction of smaller birds; while silently the Greeks went forward, full of valor, and thinking how to aid each other in the coming fray. From their trampling feet arose vast clouds of dust that floated round them like the morning mist that shrouds a mountain height. So grand a sight of embattled hosts had never been seen before marching to conflict.

CHAPTER V

THE COMBAT BETWEEN PARIS AND MENELAUS

NOW as the two armies drew near each other, and stood face to face, ready to begin the fight, the handsome Paris, with a leopard skin thrown over his shoulders, rushed forward, brandishing two pointed javelins, and challenged the bravest of the Greeks to mortal combat.

Menelaus saw him and his heart was glad for he thought he could now wreak his vengeance on the guilty one who had done him so great a wrong. Springing from his car, all armed for battle, he rushed forward to accept the challenge; but Paris, when he saw Menelaus coming forth to meet him, was smitten with fear, and he shrank back among his fellow-warriors and avoided the conflict.

When Hector saw his fright, and that he had

declined to meet Menelaus in single combat, he upbraided him with scornful words for his cowardice. "You could steal away Helen," he said, "but dare not stand up and fight her husband. And now the Greeks, who for all thy gallant looks thought thee a hero, will laugh at thee when they see that there is no spirit or courage in thy heart."

Then Paris, stung by this taunt, and knowing that it was deserved, said, "Hector, thy rebuke is just; and thou dost me no wrong. But reproach me not for my fair looks, for whatever in their grace the gods bestow we must accept. But if thou dost desire to see my prowess in combat, cause the armies to pause from battle and I will engage in single fight with Menelaus, and thus decide who shall possess the fair Helen and her wealth."

Hector was pleased with this resolve, and walked out between the contending hosts, and, holding his spear by the middle, pressed the Trojan phalanxes back and made them all sit

down upon the ground. The Greeks, not understanding his object, aimed their arrows at him and were about to shoot, when Agamemnon cried out that they should not let their arrows fly as Hector had something to say to them.

Then Hector stood forth and told the Grecian hosts that Paris was willing to strive in single combat with Menelaus for the fair Helen and her treasures, and that he who proved himself the strongest warrior should possess both, while the rest of them would frame a solemn covenant of peace.

Menelaus hearing these words answered quickly that he accepted the offer of Paris. "Let us fight together," he said, "and let us make an agreement with oath and sacrifice. And let us send for king Priam, that he may sanction the compact, since his sons are arrogant and faithless." He suggested also that an offering of two lambs be made for the earth and sun, and one also to Jove who is sovereign of all.

Both armies were pleased with these words and hoped the hour had come when the war would be ended. So they reined their horses back to the ranks, and alighting from their cars put off their armor and laid it in piles upon the ground. Then Hector sent two heralds to bring the lambs for the offerings, and to call his father, the aged Priam, to witness the covenant. And Agamemnon sent a messenger to the ships to get a lamb for the offering to Jove.

The herald sent to call king Priam found him on the wall of the city talking with the fair Helen, who had come up to look upon the Grecian army. Iris had filled her heart with sweet recollections of her former husband and her home and kindred; and robed in white and veiled in shining linen, dropping a tear or two, she had gone with two hand-maidens out upon the wall. The men when they saw her marvelled at her beauty, saying that it was no

wonder men should fight for one so like a goddess.

The old king called her to his side saying, "Come hither, dear child, and sit by me where thou canst see thy former husband, thy kindred, and thy friends. I blame thee not, thou knowest, for the blame is with the immortal gods who have sent these Greeks against me. Now sit and name for me these mighty heroes who are leading the Grecian forces to the fight."

Then Helen answered, "Dear second father, whom I both fear and honor, would that cruel death had overtaken me before I left my home and the dear friends I loved, to wander with thy son. But that was not to be, and now, alas, I must pine and weep. Yet will I tell thee what thou dost desire to know." So sitting down beside him, many a Grecian hero did she recognize and point out to the aged king.

Now while they were thus engaged the herald came to tell king Priam of the combat

and to call him to the field. When he heard that Paris and Menelaus were to contend for Helen, and that his presence was desired, he shuddered, for he knew that Paris was no match for the Grecian hero. Rising immediately, he bade his attendants to yoke his horses to the car and made himself ready to go. He then mounted his car and took up the lines and drove through the Scæan gates, his son Antenor going with him, and guiding his fleet coursers, he quickly reached the field.

As soon as he arrived the lambs were offered, the wine poured from the golden cups upon them, and prayers made to the ever-living gods. And he on the one side for the Trojans, and Agamemnon on the other side for the Greeks made a covenant that Paris and Menelaus should fight for Helen, and he who prevailed should possess her. Then Priam, who could not bear to look upon the contest, mounted his chariot and returned to Troy.

Hector and Ulysses then marked off a fitting

space for the fight; and Hector shook two pebbles in a helmet, and he whose pebble leaped forth first was to throw the first spear. The lot fell to Paris, who put on his armor and prepared for the fight. Around his shoulders he hung his silver-studded sword and stout broad shield, put his helmet of brass upon his head, and took in his hand a massive spear. Menelaus likewise armed himself in a similar way.

Then the two heroes stepped forward into the space that had been prepared for them, and stood for a moment brandishing their spears, with hatred in their eyes. Paris first hurled his spear at Menelaus, striking his broad shield; but the weapon did not pierce it, so strong it was, for the point was bent backward by the brass. Then Menelaus, offering a prayer to Jove, flung his spear with such force that it went through the shield of Paris and through his corselet and through the tunic close to the loin; but Paris shrank aside and

thus escaped death. Then Menelaus drew his silver-studded sword and struck a mighty blow on the top of the helmet of Paris with so much force that the weapon was broken into four pieces in his hands. Then, crying to Jove, he rushed forward and seized Paris by the helmet, and swinging him around began to drag him toward the Grecian lines. The embroidered strap that went beneath his chin to hold his helmet fast, was drawn so tight that Paris could not draw his breath and was in danger of being strangled. Venus perceiving his sad plight, loosed the strap, and the helmet came off in Menelaus' hand. Flinging it among the Greeks, he rushed again at Paris with another spear; but Venus snatched away the Trojan hero, throwing around him a cloud of mist, and bore him from the field, and set him down in his perfumed chamber within the city.

Then Menelaus, seeing that Paris had suddenly vanished, went raging fiercely through the crowd in search of him, but he could not

be found. The Trojans themselves had not seen him borne away, and could not tell where he was; but so much did they hate him for the trouble he had given them that they would not have concealed his hiding-place had they known it.

When it was found that Paris had escaped, Agamemnon claimed the victory for Menelaus and demanded that the Trojans now restore Helen and her wealth, and pay moreover a fitting tribute, "which shall remain," he said, "a memory to men in future times." And all the Greeks approved this just demand.

CHAPTER VI

THE BROKEN COVENANT

BUT it was not the will of the gods that Helen should be restored to her husband and the contest yet cease. During the combat between Paris and Menelaus the gods were holding a council on high Olympus. Jupiter sat upon his golden throne and around him gathered the immortals on the shining floor. Hebe, a youthful goddess and cup-bearer of the gods, poured out the sparkling nectar and passed the golden goblets, from which they drank and pledged one another, looking down on Troy.

Then Jupiter, in playful mood, as was sometimes his wont, taunted Juno and Pallas that they, the friends of Menelaus, should be sitting here idle, while Venus was protecting Paris and warding off the stroke of fate. For

just now, he said, she has rescued him and saved him from the spear of Menelaus.

Then, ceasing from his jesting mood, the All-Father said in earnest words, "Let us consider now what is best to be done. Shall we allow the war to go on, or shall we cause the warring nations to sheathe their weapons and sit down in peace? If it is the will of the gods, let us permit the people of Troy to still dwell in their sacred city, and Menelaus lead his Helen back to Greece." Thus he spoke because his heart was ever with brave Hector and the good King Priam, who never forgot to render homage to his mighty name.

Juno and Pallas heard these words with angry hearts, but sat with closed lips, still plotting in their minds against the sons of Troy. At last Juno could restrain her wrath no longer, and broke forth in bitter reproaches that Jupiter should thwart her purpose by lending his aid to the people of Troy. "Do it

if you will," she said, "but be assured that we other gods will not approve the act."

These words aroused the anger of Jupiter, and he chided her in bitter words for her hatred of the sons of Troy who, of all people of the earth, were the dearest to his heart. "For among all the cities beneath the sun and starry heavens where mortal men do dwell," he said, "the city of Troy and her people hath honored me the most; for there my altars never lacked their offerings, and the worship that is our due has ever been paid."

At length his wrath was pacified, and in gentler words he told Juno that she might have her way in this if only she would not allow this dispute to cause any lasting strife between them. He then made a compact with her that if he permitted her to carry out her feelings against the sons of Troy she would not oppose his will if at any time he wished to lay a city waste that was dear to her heart.

Juno replied that there were three cities which were very dear to her, and that Jove might raze them to the ground if he wished, and she would not repine. "For though I am a goddess born," she said, "it would be vain for me to interfere to try to save them against thy will, since thou art so much mightier than myself."

Thus the quarrel ended, Juno seeming to submit her will to that of her royal spouse, but, nevertheless, having her own way. She then suggested that he send Pallas to the field of battle to entice the Trojans to break the league of peace by treacherously lifting up their hands against the Greeks. Jupiter gave his assent, though with unwilling mind, and forthwith sent the blue-eyed goddess on the deceitful mission.

Then Pallas, sent by Jove, went down among the hosts, falling like a bright star or radiant meteor, scattering sparkles around. All who saw the shining light were seized

with wonder, and judged it was an omen of further conflict. Then the goddess went among the Trojan ranks in the form of Laodocus, son of Antenor, looking for some one whom she could entice to do an act of treachery and break the league of peace. At last she found Pandarus, a stalwart warrior, but rather vain of his skill and courage; and with flattering words she urged him to aim a secret shaft at Menelaus with intent to kill him.

Thinking of the honor that it would be to slay Menelaus, Pandarus yielded to the persuasion of the blue-eyed goddess. So he un-sheathed his bow, beautifully polished and tipped with gold, and strung it, his comrades meanwhile holding their shields before him that the Greeks might not see his treacherous intent. Then he took an arrow from his quiver and laid it on the bow, and, drawing the bow-string to his breast, let the arrow fly at the Grecian chief. The arrow was well

aimed, but it was not the will of heaven that Menelaus should be slain. Pallas turned the arrow slightly aside so that it struck him in the belt, and passing through the belt and corselet merely pierced the skin.

When Agamemnon saw the arrow strike and the dark blood gushing from the wound, he shuddered with fear. Taking Menelaus by the hand, and sighing deeply, he said, "It will be an evil hour to me, my brother, when I made a covenant with these false sons of Troy if thou shouldst die. For though Troy should fall, the Greeks will go back to their native land with a brand of shame, for the fair Helen will be left for the Trojans to boast over as they leap upon the tomb of Menelaus. May the earth swallow me before that day."

But Menelaus, seeing the barb of the arrow, knew that the wound was not deep, and said, "Fear not, my brother, for the arrow has not struck a vital part; my belt and the kirtle of

mail beneath hath stayed its force, and it has only pierced the skin."

Then they sent a herald with great speed to call their great physician Machaon, the warrior son of Æsculapius. Coming quickly, he found Menelaus standing in the midst of a circle of chiefs who had gathered around him anxious to know how badly he was hurt. Machaon quickly drew the arrow from the wound and, taking off the embroidered belt and kirtle of mail, sucked out the blood from the wound, and spread upon it soothing balsams, such as he had obtained from his father Æsculapius.

The Grecians were indignant at this act of treachery and declared the truce at an end; and both sides made ready to renew the conflict. Agamemnon went from place to place among his troops to arouse their waning ardor, and then led them to the fray. Mars, the god of war, who is ever pleased with the sight of contending hosts, mingled with the Trojans

and aided them in the conflict, while the blue-eyed goddess Pallas lent her aid to the Greeks. The contending hosts met with mingled shouts; and soon the air was filled with groans and cries of pain, and the earth ran with the blood of many who were slain.

The heroes on both sides performed deeds of valor that have made their names immortal. First, Antilochus, advancing on the Trojan champion, Echeplus, smote him in the forehead, piercing through the bone; and darkness came upon his eyes and he fell, as falls a tower, crashing upon the ground. Then Elephenor seized the slain chieftain by the foot to drag him beyond the reach of the darts, eager to strip him of his arms. But brave Agenor saw him as he stooped to seize the body, and hurled at him his brazen spear, smiting him on the uncovered side seen beneath his shield. At once his limbs relaxed their hold, and his life went out in darkness.

Next, Ajax smote a youthful hero, named

Simoisius, who had been born upon the banks of the river Simois, and tenderly nurtured by his mother. The spear struck him in the breast, the blade passing through the shoulder and out of the back, and the young hero fell and quickly breathed his life away. Antiphus, the son of Priam, saw him fall, and taking careful aim, cast his spear at Ajax through the crowd. The weapon missed its aim, but pierced the groin of Leucus, a friend of Ulysses, as he was dragging away the dead, so that he fell upon it and dropped the body from his hands.

Ulysses, stung with fury at the fall of his friend, rushed upon Antiphus and hurled at him his glittering spear. The host of Trojans, as they saw it leave his hand, shrank back upon each other; but it smote one of them upon the temple, the brazen point passing through both temples, and he fell with his armor clashing about him, to the earth.

Now, as the fight went on, Pirous, a Thra-

cian chieftain, picked up the fragment of a rock and threw it at a Grecian hero named Diores. It struck him on the ankle, crushing tendons and bones, and down the warrior fell in the dust, with his hands stretched out toward his comrades gasping for breath. Then Pirous came and pierced him through the body with his spear, and darkness fell upon his eyes. Thoas, a Grecian hero, saw the deed, and hurled his spear at Pirous and struck him in the breast, the brazen point passing through the lungs. Then, leaping forward, he caught the spear by its shaft and plucked it from the wound, and drawing his sword thrust him through with the sharp blade, and the hero fell in death. Thus the warriors on both sides smote one another with spears and swords and heavy stones.

Then Hector and the Trojan warriors, fighting on the van, fell back apace, while the Grecians shouting dragged away the dead, and rushed to hold the ground that they had

won. Apollo, looking down from Pergamus, saw the Trojans yielding, and with angry voice called aloud, saying: "Rally, ye Trojans, and yield not the battle to the Greeks!" Meanwhile the glorious goddess Pallas went through the Grecian ranks and aroused their waning zeal. Then raged the battle with even greater fury, and many a Greek and many a Trojan warrior lay side by side upon the bloody field.

CHAPTER VII

THE VALIANT DEEDS OF DIOMED

THE hero, who in this battle did the most valiant deeds, was Diomed, the leader of the men of Argos. Pallas by some secret art had given him strength and courage above that of mortal men. Upon his helmet she kindled a flame which shone like the brightest star of summer as he roamed over the field. Many heroes did he put to rout, and many fell beneath his sword and spear.

Among the Trojans were two sons of Dares, a priest of Vulcan, Phegeus and Idæus, both well trained in all the arts of war. They had seen the valiant Diomed making havoc of the Trojan hosts, and determined that they would go and try to stop it. They left the ranks where they had been fighting and came forward to meet Diomed—they in their chariot and he on foot.

As they drew near, Phegeus hurled his massive lance, which missed its aim and flew over Diomed's left shoulder. Then Diomed, with a truer aim, flung his ponderous spear and struck Phegeus on the breast, dashing him to the earth. So sudden was the stroke that Idæus leaped from his car in fear, not daring to guard his brother's body and prevent its being spoiled of its arms. Then would he also have been slain; but Neptune threw a cloud of darkness around him, and bore him from the field that his aged father might not be left desolate.

As Diomed went ranging over the field, scattering the Trojan ranks, Pandarus saw him, and drawing his bow, with careful aim, shot an arrow at him. It struck him on the left shoulder breaking through the corselet, and the blood came gushing forth, staining his shining mail. Thinking the shot was fatal, Pandarus cried aloud in boastful words that he had killed the bravest of the Grecian hosts.

Vain was the boast, for the favorite of Pallas bore a charmed life.

Withdrawing for a moment from the fight, and standing beside his chariot, Diomed called his friend Sthenelus to come and draw the arrow from his shoulder. Sthenelus came quickly to his side, and drew the arrow through the wound and out of his shoulder; and the blood gushed up through the pliant doublet. Then leaping into his car again, Diomed prayed to Pallas that she would bring him near the warrior who had struck him and boasted of his prowess. Pallas heard his prayer and sent him back to the field endowed with three-fold courage; and scores of Trojan warriors fell beneath his spear.

Æneas saw him scattering the Trojan ranks, and started quickly to search for Pandarus that they together might meet the Grecian hero and drive him from the field. He found Pandarus and begged him to lift up his hands in prayer to Jove and send an arrow at

this man who was slaying so many of the Trojan hosts. Pandarus, looking where the hero was fighting, recognized him by his shield and crested helmet, and told Æneas that it was Diomed, and that he had already sent an arrow into his shoulder and supposed that he had slain him. "Some god standing near him," he said, "with a cloud around his shoulders, must have turned the arrow aside and saved the hero's life." Æneas then proposed that they should both mount his own chariot and together drive after him and engage him in combat. So they both sprang into the car of Æneas, and he taking the lines urged his swift-footed coursers forward to meet Diomed.

A comrade of Diomed saw them coming to attack him and said, "Lo, I see two stalwart warriors coming forward eager to fight against thee; the one Pandarus, well skilled with the bow, and the other Æneas, the son of Anchises and Venus. Let us mount the car and

leave the ground, lest perchance thou lose thy life."

Then Diomed, with stern looks, replied, "Talk not to me of flight, for thou wilt talk in vain. I have no mind to mount my chariot, but even as I am will I go to face them. But stay my chariot where it is; and remember if I slay these men do you mount the chariot of Æneas and drive his horses into the hosts of the Greeks, for they are the finest horses in the world."

As Æneas and Pandarus, urging their fiery coursers on, came near to them, Pandarus cried aloud, "O thou strong souled and cunning Diomed, verily my arrow, swift and sharp, failed to slay thee; but now I will make trial of my spear upon thee."

So speaking he hurled his massive spear at Diomed, striking his great shield. The brazen-pointed weapon sped through the folds until it reached the breastplate. Then, exultingly, Pandarus shouted, "Ha! thou art wounded

in the flank; my spear bites deep, nor long, I think, shalt thou hold up thy head, and I shall have a great renown."

But Diomed, fearless of danger, replied, "Thou hast missed the mark, Pandarus, for I am still untouched. But well I see ye will not give up the conflict till one of you be laid low amid the dust."

Then Diomed cast his spear at Pandarus with a mighty force. Pallas guided the shaft, and it struck him in the face between the eyes; and piercing through his teeth and tongue, came out below the chin. Headlong from the car he fell, and his armor clashed about his lifeless body.

Then Æneas leaped from the chariot with his spear and shield to guard the body that it might not be borne away by the Greeks. Around the corpse he walked, and over it he laid his shield, and with his drawn spear was prepared to slay whoever came to disturb it. Diomed stooped and raised a stone, such as

no two men now could lift, and hurled it at Æneas with all his force. It struck him on the hip crushing the bone and breaking the tendons in twain. The hero fell, and would then have died had not his mother Venus, who saw him fall, caught him in her arms, and spreading over him her shining robe borne him from the field.

Diomed knowing that Venus was inapt in war, gave chase to the goddess, and flung at her his glittering spear. It pierced the ambrosial robe woven for her by the Graces and wounded her in the wrist, so that the blood gushed out. The goddess shrieked with pain and dropped her son; but Apollo caught him in his arms, and throwing a dark cloud around him, so that no one could see him, bore him from the field.

The blood came flowing from the wounded wrist of Venus, staining her fair skin, while her cheek grew deathly pale. Iris, the heavenly maid, came instantly to her side, and taking

her by the hand led her from the field. They found the fiery Mars, who had withdrawn from the combat, sitting upon the left, his spear resting upon a cloud which hid his swift coursers from the sight. Venus fell at his knees and prayed that he would lend her his golden-harnessed steeds to bear her to the Olympian Mount.

Mars gave a glad assent, and Venus quickly leaped into the car, still suffering from her wounded hand. Iris mounted at her side, and caught the reins, and plied the lash, and on the coursers sped; and soon they reached the mansions of the gods. Leaping quickly from the car, Venus threw herself at the feet of Dione, sometimes thought to be her mother, who put her arms tenderly around her and caressed her brow, and wiped the blood from her fair skin; and at her touch the hand was healed and the pain assuaged.

Juno and Pallas, ever jealous of the peerless beauty of Venus, made light of her wound,

and taunted her with having scratched her hand with a pin. Jupiter, who loved her for her devotion to the sons of Troy, called her to his side, and said to her in gentle words that she was not fitted for the duties of the battle-field, but that she should follow the gentler tasks of love and marriage-rites, and leave the deeds of war to Mars and Pallas.

Meanwhile Diomed pursued Æneas, though he knew that Apollo had spread his arms about him to protect him. He longed to strike Æneas down, and bear away his glorious arms as trophies. Three times he leaped upon him, and three times Apollo beat back his glittering shield. But when the fourth time he sprang at him, Apollo turned, and with a terrible shout, warned him not to battle with the immortal gods. So Diomed, fearing the wrath of the archer god, gave up the pursuit.

Apollo then bore Æneas to the summit of the sacred Mount Pergamus, where, at-

tended by Latona and Diana, he soon recovered from his wound. Then Apollo, to baffle the Greeks, formed an image of Æneas, which both Greeks and Trojans thought to be Æneas himself. Around this image-hero they gathered and fought, their strokes falling thick and fast, but not even Diomed himself could wound or drive him from the field.

Diomed had been the hero of the day, striking down Æneas, wounding Venus, and daring to attack even Apollo himself; and he still was raging in the fight. Apollo, not wishing to engage in the conflict, sent to Mars and asked him to drive Diomed from the field. Mars, who ever delighted in war, assumed the form of Acamus, a Thracian leader, and went through the Trojan forces urging them to avenge the fall of Æneas by defeating Diomed.

Roused by his words, the Trojan heroes rushed again upon the foe, and terrible was the conflict which ensued. The Greeks grew

white with the falling dust that rose from beneath the horses' trampling feet, borne toward them by the wind. Around the field the furious Mars drew a cloud of darkness, to aid the Trojans in the fight; and ranging everywhere he stirred their hearts with courage. Meanwhile Apollo went and brought Æneas back to the field, his wound healed and his strength restored; and his people, glad to see him safe returned, rallied around him and followed him into the fight.

Then Mars placed himself near Hector, where he was rallying his wavering ranks and leading them forward to the fray. Stalking sometimes before him and sometimes after him, and brandishing a mighty spear, he filled the hero's heart with courage. Then with a loud shout he sprang into the ranks and roused their martial ardor; and on the Trojan warriors rushed, with Hector at their head.

When the valiant Diomed beheld Hector thus leading on his forces, he trembled and

grew faint of heart, for he thought surely some god must be near him inspiring him with strength and courage and warding off the strokes of death. So turning to his soldiers he ordered them to fall back, keeping their faces to the foe, and thus avoid contesting with the immortal gods, who seemed to be aiding the Trojans. Step by step the Greeks gave way before the prowess of Hector and his warriors, and were now ready to flee from the field and leave the glory of the day to the Trojans.

During the fight Sarpedon, who had done many valiant deeds, came near losing his life at the hand of a Grecian hero, named Tlepolemus, a son of Hercules. Tlepolemus saw him, and advanced to meet him with taunting words that he was weak at heart, and boasting that he would send him to the land of shades. Sarpedon met him with a bold reply; and then both warriors hurled their massive spears against each other. Sarpedon smote the Gre-

cian hero in the throat, the spear passing through the neck and causing instant death. The spear of Tlepolemus struck Sarpedon on the thigh, piercing him to the bone.

His comrades raised him up and bore him from the field, the long spear trailing behind, for in their haste they had forgotten to draw it from the wound. As he was being carried near Hector, Sarpedon, supposing the wound to be fatal, begged Hector that he might be permitted to breathe his last breath in Troy, as he could no longer hope to return to his native land and gladden again "his wife and little son." They bore him gently on and laid him down beneath a wide-spreading beech tree, and one of his comrades drew forth the spear from the wound. As he did so the hero grew faint with the pain, and darkness came over his eyes; but his sight soon came back again, and a fresh breeze revived him, so that he died not from the wound.

Now when Juno, seated on high Olympus,

saw Mars aiding the Trojans, and Hector driving the Greeks to their ships, she called Pallas to her and proposed that they go down to the earth and aid the Greeks in the fight. Pallas, whose sympathies were also with the Grecians, readily assented, and they prepared for the journey, making such preparations as only the immortals could make.

Juno laid in haste the harness with its ornaments of gold upon the heavenly steeds. Hebe rolled the wheels, each with eight spokes, and joined them to the ends of the steel axle, with felloes wrought of gold bound with a brazen rim to last forever. The hollow naves were silver, and on gold and silver cords was hung the chariot's seat; in silver hooks rested the reins, and silver was the pole where the fair yoke and poitreles, all of gold, were fastened. Then Juno led the swift-footed steeds beneath the yoke and made them fast.

Both mounting the chariot, Juno swung the lash and swiftly urged the steeds. Before

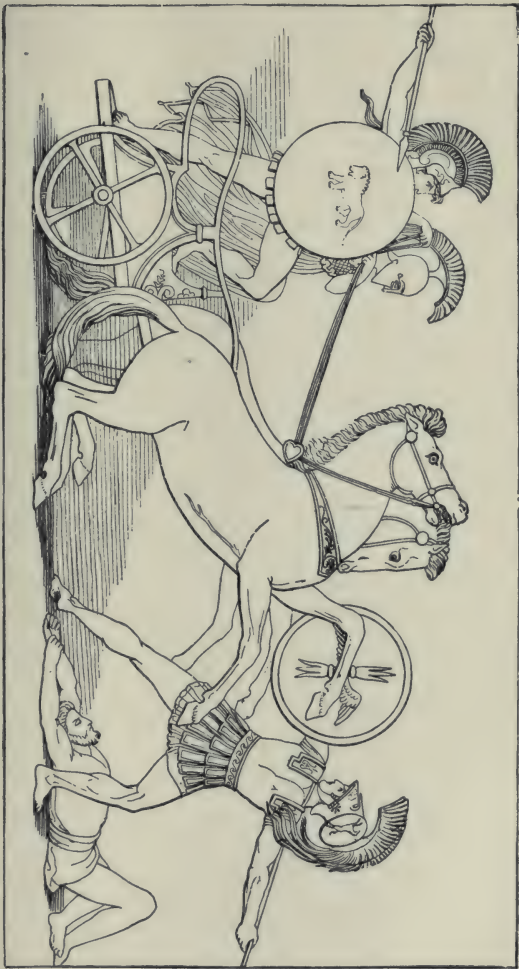
them on sounding hinges, of their own accord, the gates of heaven flew open. Up to the highest peak of Olympus they first flew where Jupiter sat apart; and telling him how Mars had been slaying the Greeks, and Venus and Apollo had been urging him on, asked if they might go and drive Mars from the field. Jupiter gave his permission, but advised that Pallas, who had many times brought Mars to grief, should encounter him.

Then giving the steeds the lash again, they quickly flew from the starry heavens to the earth. Alighting near the field of battle, they threw a cloud of darkness around their steeds, and then with steps as light as timid doves they hastened to aid the Grecian army. Pallas, in the disguise of a Grecian warrior, went through the ranks until she found Diomed, standing by his chariot cooling the wound that he had received from Pandarus. She urged him to attack Mars, promising him her assistance; and then leaping in the chariot

beside him, caught the reins and drove his coursers forward.

Mars saw the approach of Diomed and with rapid strides came forth to meet him. As he came near enough he hurled at him his mighty spear; but Pallas caught it with her hand and deftly turned it aside, so that it did not touch him. Then Diomed flung his spear at Mars, and, guided by Pallas, it struck him at the waist, making a fearful wound. The furious god uttered a terrible cry, and throwing a cloud around himself rose quickly to his home in the heavenly regions. He showed his wound to Jupiter and made bitter complaints against Pallas who had aimed the shaft that had struck him.

“O Father Jupiter!” he cried, “why does not thy wrath rise at these bloody and violent deeds? See how we gods must suffer when we choose to show kindness to mankind. And the blame is all thy own, for thou wilt not restrain thy reckless daughter Pallas from her



DIOMED CASTING HIS SPEAR AGAINST MARS

evil deeds. All the rest of the immortals obey thee and are subject to thy will, but her thou dost permit to do as her evil heart desires. Even now she moved the turbulent Diomed to raise his hands against the immortal gods. By her aid he wounded Venus in the wrist and then assailed me with the might and fury of a god, and might have slain me had not my swift feet borne me quickly away."

Jupiter heard his complaint in silence, and then, looking at him sternly, upbraided him for his love of war. "Thou renegade," he said, "come not to me to whine and complain of evil deeds. Most hateful to me art thou of all the gods that dwell on high Olympus, for thou ever lovest strife and war. Thou art always headstrong and perverse like thy mother Juno, whom I can scarce control with words, and what thou sufferest now is, no doubt, due to her bad counsels."

Thus spake the king of heaven, chiding the warlike Mars for his delight in broils and

battles. Still it was not the will of Jove that any of the immortals should suffer long, and his heart softened as he remembered that the sufferer was his own son. So he called Pæon, a divine physician, who washed the wound, applying soothing balsams, which took away the pain and healed the ugly hurt. Then Hebe, a heavenly maid, came and bathed the god and robed him in richly broided garments, such as only the immortal gods can wear. Thus cured of his wound and refreshed with his bath he took his seat, proud of his valor, by his father Jove.

Then Juno and Pallas, having driven Mars from the field and thus lent their aid to the Greeks, mounted their car again, and turning their swift steeds toward heaven soon returned to the mansions of the gods.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MEETING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

THE gods had now withdrawn from the conflict, but still the fight went on. The Greeks came rushing forward in furious onset on their foes. The horses of a Trojan hero named Adrastus took fright and fled across the plain, and running into a tamarisk bush broke the car, throwing the hero out in the dust upon his face. As Menelaus drew near with uplifted spear, Adrastus caught him by the knees and pleaded with him to spare his life.

Menelaus's heart was touched with pity, and he called his 'squire and bade him lead the captive to the Grecian ships. But Agamemnon chided Menelaus for his soft and tender heart, saying, "Remember, my brother, the wrongs thou hast suffered at the hands of

the Trojans, and let not one of them escape."

These words changed the mind of Menelaus, and as he thrust the suppliant hero away Agamemnon smote him through the loins and felled him to the ground. Then placing his foot upon the slain man's breast, he plucked forth his ashen spear all stained with gore.

The men of Troy, thus hard pressed by the Greeks, now that Mars had left them, lost heart, and thought of seeking refuge within the walls of the city. Then Helenus, a son of Priam, and a wise seer, came forth from the city, and finding Hector and Æneas, advised them to draw their army back to the walls, and afterward go through the ranks and endeavor to restore their waning courage.

He also advised that when this was done Hector should enter the city and bid his mother, with the aged wives of Troy, go and take the costliest robe that she possessed and lay it on the knees of the statue of Pallas in her temple, vowing therewith to sacrifice

twelve heifers if perchance she may have pity on the Trojans and keep Diomed from the walls of the city; "for not even Achilles, himself," he said, "do we fear so much as him, so dreadful and fierce he is."

Then Hector leaped from his chariot and went among the hosts bidding them to be of good heart and exhorting them to fight manfully. His words aroused their waning courage and kindled their ardor anew. Turning from their flight they fell upon the Greeks, who, thinking one of the immortals had come down to aid the Trojans, fell back and ceased the contest.

Then Hector, as advised by Helenus, departed for the city. As the people of the city saw him enter the gates, the wives and mothers of the Trojan soldiers crowded around him, asking how it fared with their husbands and sons. But he gave them no answer, except to bid them pray, for it would have been sad news to many of them had he told them what

he knew. Then he came to the palace of King Priam, and there he met his mother Hecuba with Laodice, the fairest of her daughters. His mother, taking him by the hand, said, "Why hast thou come from the battle, my son? Do the Greeks press thee hard, and dost thou wish to pray to Father Jove from the citadel? Let me bring thee wine that thou mayest pour out before him, and that thou mayest drink thyself and gladden thy heart."

But Hector said, "Give me not wine, my mother, lest it weaken my knees and take away my courage. Nor must I pour out an offering to Jove thus, with unwashed hands. But go thou with the mothers of Troy to the temple of Minerva, and take a robe, the one that is most precious and beautiful in thy stores, and lay it on the knees of the goddess, and pray her to keep this dreadful Diomed from the walls of Troy; and forget not to vow therewith twelve heifers as a sacrifice."

So Queen Hecuba sent her handmaidens to call the mothers of Troy together, while she went to her chamber where she kept her richly embroidered robes. Selecting the most beautiful one she had, as an offering to Pallas, she started with the aged wives for the temple of the goddess. When they came to the temple, the door was opened to them by a rosy-cheeked damsel named Theano, the daughter of Antenor, who had been made priestess by the Trojans. Then they all lifted their hands to Pallas, while Theano laid the robe upon the lap of the fair goddess, and besought her to save them from the spear of this dreadful warrior Diomed. But Pallas would not hear them, for her heart was with the sons of Greece.

Hector went onward through the city till he came to the house of Paris, which was near his own dwelling and that of King Priam. He found Paris in his room busy with his shining arms, and the fair Helen sitting

near him giving their tasks to the attendant maidens.

Then Hector said to Paris, "Is this a fitting time, my brother, for thee to indulge thy sullen humor while the men of Troy are perishing for thy sake around the walls? Rouse thee, therefore, to action, lest we behold our city all in flames."

Paris, knowing that this rebuke was not unmerited, answered, "Brother, thou hast spoken justly. It was not in wrath that I sat here, but in sorrow at my sore defeat. Even now, my wife, with gentle speech, has besought me to rejoin the battle; and truly it is well, for victory comes now to one and now to another. Wait, then, until I put on my armor; or if thou must go sooner, I will follow and overtake thee."

Then Helen, with low voice and modest mein, spoke of the fault both of herself and Paris; and with words of sorrow regretted that, through the decree of the gods, she had

been the cause of so much trouble to Hector and the sons of Troy. She invited him to sit awhile and rest, as he must be weary with the labors of the war; but Hector told her that his mind was too much troubled for the Trojans to think of resting, and asked her to bid her husband to try to overtake him before he left the town. He said to her further that he must now hasten to see his dear wife and child, for he knew not whether he would ever see them after to-day.

So he departed and went to his own home to seek his wife Andromache. But when he came to his house she was not there, for she had gone up in the tower of the wall with her child and its nurse, weeping sore for fear. Hector finding her not at home said to the maids:

“Tell me whither went the white-armed Andromache; has she gone to see my sisters or to the temple of Minerva with the mothers of Troy to supplicate that dreaded deity?”

“Nay,” said an aged woman, keeper of the house, “thy wife has gone to the lofty tower of Troy, for she had heard that the Greeks were pressing our people hard and that the sons of Troy lost heart. She ran in great haste, like one distracted, and the nurse went with her carrying the child.”

Then Hector ran through the city to the Scæan gates, and there Andromache spied him and came forth to meet him. And with her was the nurse bearing the young child upon her bosom,—Hector’s only child, beautiful as a star. The father looked with a silent smile upon his child, while Andromache pressed to his side and clung to his hand and wept.

“O Hector,” she said, “thy valor yet will cause thy death. Thou hast no pity on thy wife and child, and sparest not thyself, and all the Greeks will rush on thee and slay thee. My father is dead, and my seven brothers, lo they are dead, all fallen by the hand of Achilles. My mother she is also dead, for

THE MEETING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE



when she had been ransomed from captivity, Diana smote her with an arrow in her father's palace. So thou to me art father, mother, and brothers, as well as husband. Have pity then and stay here upon the walls, lest thou leave me a widow and thy child an orphan ; and set the people here in array by this fig tree where the city is most easily taken."

But Hector to his loving spouse replied, "All these things I bear in mind, dear wife ; but I would be ashamed to stand before the men and dames of Troy were I, coward like, to shun the conflict. My own heart too bids me fight in front, holding up my father's fame and mine own. Well I know that Priam and his people and the sacred city of Troy will perish ; yet it is not Troy nor the people nor even my father or mother for whom I care so much, as I do for thee when some Greek shall carry thee away captive and thou shalt ply the loom or carry the pitcher in the land of Greece. And some one shall say when he

sees thee, 'This was Hector's wife, who was the bravest of the sons of Troy.' O, let the earth cover me in death before I hear thy cries as thou art borne away."

Then Hector stretched out his hands to take the boy; but the child shrank back to the bosom of his nurse with a loud cry, scared to see his father helmeted in brass, and eying the horse-hair plume that fell from his lofty crest. At this both parents laughed in their fondness for the child; and Hector, taking the helmet from his head, laid it on the ground, and catching the child in his arms kissed him and tossed him up in play, and prayed to Jove to make him a noble man, greater than his father was, a source of gladness to his mother's heart, and a noble ruler of Troy.

He then gave the child to his mother, who pressed him to her bosom with mingled smiles and tears. Moved with tender pity, Hector gently stroked her forehead with his hand and bade her not to grieve for him, as no man

could send him to the shades of death before his time.

Then he gently dismissed her, saying, "Go to thy home and tend thy labors there, the shuttle and the loom, and give thy maidens their appointed tasks. The cares of war pertain to the men of Troy, and most of all to me."

So speaking Hector took up his helmet from the ground, and Andromache went her way to her home, often looking back and shedding many tears. When she was come to her home she with all her maidens wailed for Hector as if he were dead, for she thought that she would never see him any more returning safe from the battle.

As Hector started to return to the troops, Paris came running toward him clad in shining armor to accompany him to the field. Overtaking Hector he said, "I have kept thee waiting I fear, my brother, and have come less quickly than thou didst desire."

But Hector answered him, "No man can justly blame thy courage, but thou art often remiss and wilt not join the combat. I am sad at heart to hear the Trojans, who suffer for thy sake, speak so ill of thee. But now let us go to the war."

So they went together out of the gate, eager to renew the conflict. Their presence among the Trojan host inspired them with new ardor, and the battle waxed even hotter than before. Paris and Hector both did valiant deeds, and many Grecian heroes fell beneath their strokes.

CHAPTER IX

COMBAT BETWEEN HECTOR AND AJAX

NOW when Pallas saw the Greeks perishing by the hand of Hector and his companions, she left the peaks of high Olympus and came in haste to the field of battle. Apollo saw her coming and started quickly from Pergamus to intercept her. As they met beside a beechen tree Apollo said to her :

“Why art thou come, Pallas, to aid the Greeks, whom thou lovest, and turn the tide of war against the sons of Troy? Now listen to what I have to propose. Let us stay the battle for the day, and afterward it may be renewed until the fate of Troy is sealed, for I know that you goddesses long to lay the city in waste.”

Then Pallas, the blue-eyed goddess, an-

swered, "Be it so, O mighty archer, for this was also in my mind; but by what device dost thou think to bring the combat to a pause?"

Apollo answered, "Let us arouse the spirit of Hector to challenge some Greek warrior to meet him singly and alone in mortal combat. The Greeks will not fail to find a champion to fight with brave Hector."

To this Pallas gave her assent. Then, by some mysterious power, they put their purpose into the mind of Helenus, the soothsayer, and moved him to go and suggest the matter to Hector, his brother. So Helenus went, and standing at Hector's side, said:

"Hector, son of Priam, listen to me, thy brother. Cause the sons of Troy and also the Greeks to be seated, and then challenge the bravest of the Greeks to contend with thee in mortal combat. Be assured that thou shalt not fall in the battle, for thus have said the living gods whose voices I have heard."

Then Hector, bearing his spear in his hand,

went between the two armies, and pressing back the Trojans caused them to be seated on the ground. Agamemnon seeing this, came forward and caused the Greeks also to be seated. Hector then stood forth and in noble words gave a challenge to any Greek hero to meet him in single combat.

“And let him who may gain the victory,” he said, “spoil not the other of his arms, but give his body to his people that they may burn it and then bury it. Should I vanquish the Greek, let them rear his tomb by the wide Hellespont, so that men of after days shall see it, sailing by, and say, ‘This is the tomb of the bravest of the Greeks, whom Hector slew.’ So shall my name live forever.”

The Greeks heard his challenge in silence, fearing to meet him in battle and yet ashamed to shun the encounter. At length Menelaus, the husband of Helen, arose, and chiding the Greeks for their want of courage, said that he would accept the challenge of Hector. So

saying, he began to prepare himself for the fight.

King Agamemnon, knowing that Menelaus was no match for the noble Hector, said to him, "Nay, but this is folly, my brother. Seek not in thine anger to fight with one so much stronger than thyself, for even Achilles, braver far than thou, dreads to encounter Hector in the glorious fight. Sit thou down among thy comrades, and the Greeks will find some other champion who will fight him."

These words of rebuke changed the purpose of Menelaus, and he took his seat, while the attendants stripped the armor from his breast. And well it was that he withdrew from the combat, for otherwise he would have been slain by the valiant Hector, and never would have looked upon the face of his fair Helen again.

Then Nestor, noted for his wise and prudent counsel, rose and suggested that they cast lots for a champion to meet bold Hector.

To this they all agreed, and having marked their lots they threw them in the helmet of Agamemnon. Then they lifted up their hands in prayer to Jove, praying that he would give the lot to Ajax, or Diomed, or King Agamemnon. Old Nestor shook the lots, and from the helmet there leaped forth the lot which they had wished.

For the herald took the lot through the ranks and showed it to the chiefs, but each declined to take it, seeing that it was not his own. When he came to him who had marked it and cast it in the helmet, even to glorious Ajax, he held forth his hand and took it. He had marked his lot with his own device and knew the token and was glad in heart that the lot had thus fallen. Then casting the lot upon the ground at his feet he said:

“Mine is the lot, my friends, and very glad I am, for I am sure that I shall prevail over the mighty Hector. And now, while I put on my armor, pray you to Jove silently, lest the

Trojans hear, or else aloud, since we fear no one. Neither by strength of arm nor skill in battle shall any one vanquish me.”

So they prayed that Ajax might bear away the victory; or if that was not to be, that equal strength and equal fame be given to both the heroes.

Then Ajax armed himself and went forward with a grim smile on his face, looking as dreadful as Mars. With mighty strides he walked, a giant in bulk and strength, brandishing in his right hand his long-shafted spear. The Greeks beheld him with pride and hope, but the Trojans regarded him with dismay and fear. Even brave Hector felt his heart throb within his breast, but he could not now withdraw from the contest since he had given the challenge.

Forward the mighty Ajax came, until he reached the place marked out for the fight. There he stood for a moment holding before his breast a great shield made of bull's hide,

seven folds thick and the seventh fold overlaid with bronze. Then, with threatening words, he said to Hector :

“ Now shalt thou know, Hector, what kind of men there are among our chiefs, for though Achilles, the lion-hearted, is sitting idly in his tent, we have those that dare defy thee yet. Now let the fight begin.”

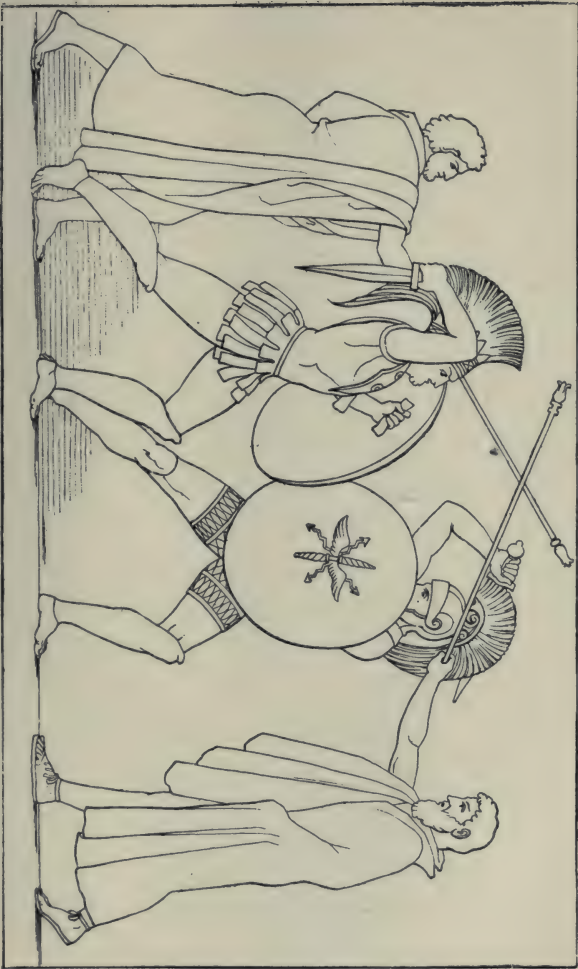
Then Hector replied, “ O, high-born Ajax, speak not to me as though I were a woman or a child, ignorant of the art of war, for well I know how to shift to right and left my shield, to charge the foe on foot, and guide my chariot through the rushing steeds. Yet not by stealth would I strike so valiant a foe as thyself, but in fair open battle, if I may.”

As he thus spake he hurled his ponderous lance and struck the great shield of Ajax on the outer plate of brass which formed the eighth fold. It pierced the brass and cut its way through six folds of the hide, but stopped at the seventh, and Ajax was unharmed.

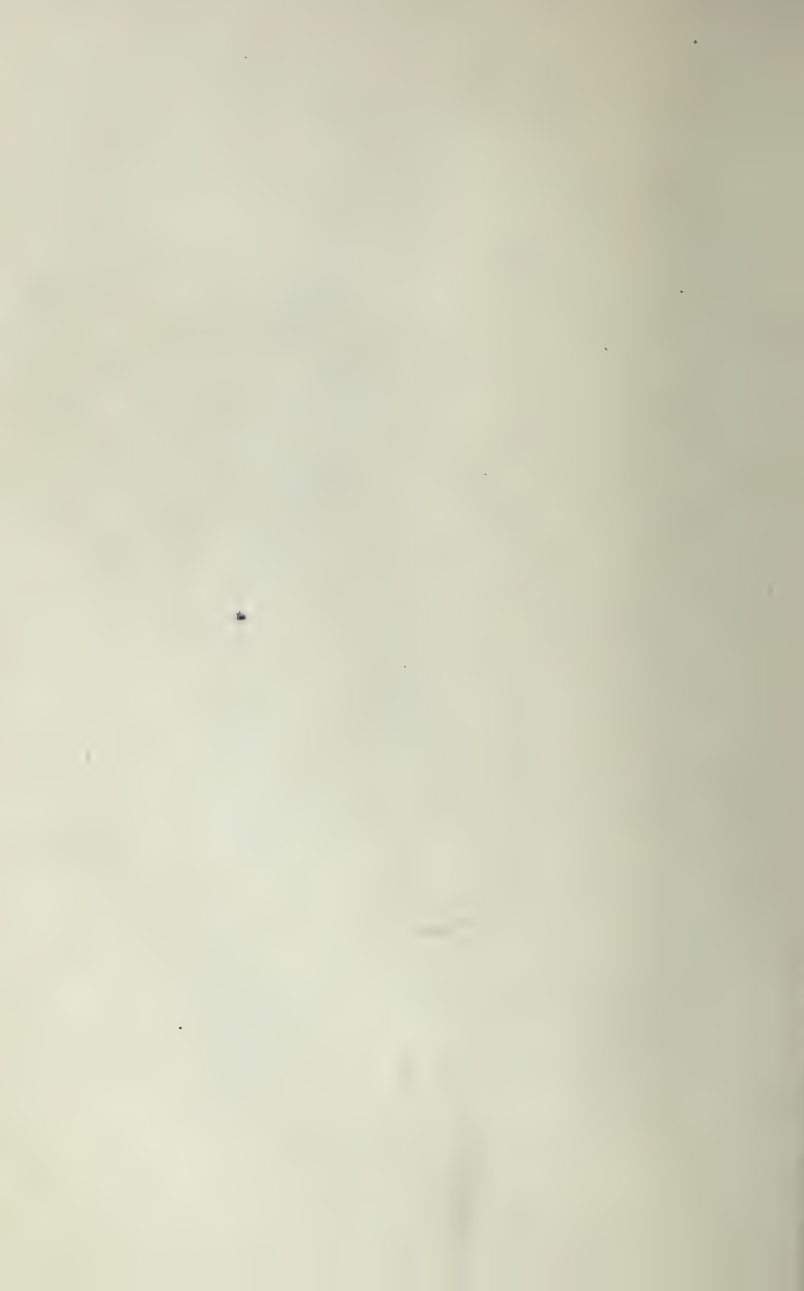
Then Ajax cast his massive spear, striking Hector's shield near the centre. Through the shield it passed and through the corselet, cutting the tunic close to the loins; but Hector stooped and thus avoided death.

Then, taking up their spears again, they rushed upon each other like lions or wild boars of the woods. First Hector struck the middle of the shield of Ajax, but did not pierce it, for the metal turned the weapon's point. Then Ajax, springing forward, drove his spear again through Hector's shield, forcing him back and wounding him in the shoulder, so that the black blood welled out.

Yet not for this did brave Hector give up the combat; but stepping backward he picked up a huge black stone and hurled it with great force, striking the seven-fold shield of his foe and making the brass ring with the blow. Then Ajax took a stone, heavier by far, and hurled it at Hector with all his might. It struck the hero's shield and broke it, and



HECTOR AND AJAN SEPARATED BY THE HERALDS



bore him backward, so that he fell at length upon the ground, holding his shield above him. Apollo touched him, and he sprang quickly to his feet unharmed.

Then they both drew their swords and were about to rush at each other in close combat; but ere a blow was struck two heralds, one of Troy and one of Greece, held their sceptres between them; and the Trojan herald said, "Fight no more, my sons, for Jove loves you both; and ye are both mighty warriors, as all men know. But now the night bids you cease, and it is well to heed its bidding."

Then Ajax said, "Let Hector decide this, since he it was who gave the challenge, and I shall willingly obey."

And Hector said, "O Ajax, though the gods have given thee stature and strength, and in the use of the spear thou dost excel all other Greeks, yet now we will pause from battle for this day. Another time we may renew the fight and pause not till fate shall

part us or bestow the victory on one of us. And now let us leave with each other some noble gift, that all men may say that Hector and Ajax met in fierce combat but parted as friends."

Then Hector gave to Ajax a silver-studded sword and a scabbard with an embroidered belt; and Ajax gave to Hector a girdle brilliantly dyed with purple. So they parted, one going to join the Grecian hosts and the other to meet the men of Troy. Glad were the sons of Troy when they saw Hector returning safe from the contest with the mighty Ajax; and glad also were the Greeks who led Ajax rejoicing to King Agamemnon.

Then the Grecians, in gratitude to Jove, offered an evening sacrifice, and afterward sat down to a richly-served banquet. When the feast was ended Nestor arose and proposed that they should not go forth to battle on the morrow, but gather up their dead and burn them near the fleet, so that they might be

able to carry the bones of their comrades to their native land and give them to their children. He advised also that they build a great wall around their fleet, digging a trench about it, and making great gates in the wall wide enough for a chariot to pass through, so that their ships might be safe if the Trojans should press them hard.

The Trojans also assembled together and were holding a council with trembling hearts, for they began to fear the results of the war. Antenor, noted for his wisdom, advised that Helen be sent back to Menelaus with the treasures that Paris had brought with her from Greece, "for now that our faith is broken," he said, "we cannot hope to succeed in the conflict."

Paris was greatly displeased with this advice, and replied in angry terms, saying that the gods had made Antenor mad, and that he would never consent to give up his wife. He was willing, however, to restore the wealth

that he had brought with her, and even offered to add treasures of his own to pacify the Greeks and thus close the war.

So it was agreed to send a messenger to the Greeks offering to give up the treasures that Paris had brought to Troy with Helen, and requesting also that hostilities should cease till they could collect and burn their dead. Upon the morrow at early dawn a herald, named Idæus, was sent to bear the message to the Grecian chiefs. He found them all in council near the prow of Agamemnon's ship, and there he told them of the offer of Paris and the desire of the Trojans to burn their dead. When he had ended speaking, they all kept silence for a while, and then the valiant Diomed arose and said: "Let none consent to take the Trojans' goods nor even fair Helen herself, for even a child may see that utter ruin is now hanging over Troy."

At these words they all shouted in loud applause. Then Agamemnon rose and said:

“ Idæus, thou hearest how they answer thee, and their answer seemeth good to me also. But as for the slain, I give consent to burn them, for to the dead we bear no hatred. When they fall, the rite of fire should soon be paid. Let Jove, the thunderer, be witness to our oaths.” So saying, he lifted up his sceptre in the sight of all the gods, and Idæus departed back to Troy with the answer of the Greeks.

Disappointed at the Greeks’ reply, the Trojans now went forth, with aching hearts, some to gather wood and some to collect the dead that they might burn them on the funeral pyre. They found it hard to recognize their dead; but as they found them they washed away the clotted blood, and laid their bodies on the cars, and bore them to the funeral pyre in silence, for Priam had forbidden them to weep aloud. The Greeks also gathered up their slain warriors, with stricken hearts, and burned them, and then returned to their ships.

When this was done the Greeks made a

barrow about the pyre and then built a great wall around the fleet. In this wall they fitted massive gates wide enough for a chariot to pass through; and on its outer side they dug a deep, broad trench, and planted it with pointed stakes. Thus fearful of the sons of Troy, they surrounded their fleet with this bulwark of defence.

When the task of burning the dead was ended, the men of Troy went within the city, and weary with their labors sat down to their evening banquet. The Greeks, also, beside their ships, made ready their evening meal, and ate and drank and rested from their weary toils. The night was dark, and the muttering thunder shook the trembling air. All hearts were filled with terror at the sounds, portentous of coming woe. At last they lay down to rest, and gentle slumber closed their eyes in sleep.

CHAPTER X

JUPITER AIDING THE TROJANS

EARLY on the following morning Jupiter summoned the gods to a council on high Olympus. Seated upon his golden throne he addressed the assembly, forbidding any of them to aid either the Greeks or the Trojans on penalty of severe punishment. They all listened in silence to his commands, awed by his threatening words.

At length blue-eyed Pallas broke the silence, saying they would obey his command and not mingle in the fight; but asked that they might aid the Greeks with wise counsel, lest by the wrath of Jove they utterly perish. Jupiter heard her words with a smile, pleased with her promise of obedience, and did not withhold his assent to her request.

Jupiter then yoked his brazen-footed steeds

to his chariot, and putting on his golden armor, mounted his car and touched his coursers with the lash. With almost lightning speed they flew between the earth and stars until he reached Mount Ida. Here he checked their speed, and loosening them from their yoke threw round them a black cloud, making them invisible. Then he seated himself where he could behold the towers of Troy and the ships of Greece.

The Greeks having finished a hasty meal, arose and girded on their arms and made ready to renew the fight. The Trojans also within the city buckled on their armor and rushed through the gates eager to defend their wives and children from the assault. The contending hosts met again in deadly conflict, and the air was filled with boastful shouts and cries of pain. In a few hours many heroes were slain and the earth was drenched with blood.

Then Jupiter took his golden scales and in

them laid the fates which bring the sleep of death alike to Greeks and Trojans. He held his balance up, when the fate of Greece sank down until it reached the earth, while that of Troy rose upward toward the sky. Then with thunder peals that shook the sacred mount, he sent his lightnings down among the Grecian hosts, who seeing them grew pale with fear and fled from the field.

As the aged Nestor turned to fly with the other heroes, an arrow shot by Paris pierced one of his steeds and it fell. Drawing his sword he leaped to the ground and hastened to cut the thong that bound it to the car, and was thus delayed in his flight. Hector's fleet horses were bearing him swiftly toward the aged chief, when Diomed saw him coming and called to Ulysses to halt and lend his aid in guarding the aged warrior from the foe. Ulysses, wearied with the fray, did not hear him, and continued his flight toward the ships.

So Diomed, single-handed, made his way among the fleeing warriors until he reached the wounded hero. He urged him to leave his own car, as the horses were slow, and mount the car of Diomed, drawn by the swift steeds taken from Æneas. Nestor complied with his request, and gave his horses and chariot to the care of two attendants to drive to his ships.

Then they both climbed into the car of Diomed, and Nestor taking the reins and plying the lash, they started to meet Hector. As they came near him Diomed hurled a spear which, missing Hector, struck down his charioteer, who fell headlong from the car, causing the horses to start back in fright. Hector was grieved at his companion's death, but left him where he fell; and quickly finding another charioteer, the fleet horses of Hector bore him again into the fight.

Then would fearful deeds have been done and great slaughter followed; but Jove shook the air with thunder and sent a bolt of fire to

the earth which fell just in front of the car of Diomed. His frightened steeds stopped and stood trembling with fear beside the chariot. Nestor's spirit fell within him, and pale with fright he let fall the lines, and turning to Diomed urged him to turn his horses back and flee, as Jove himself was on the side of the Trojans, saying, "No man can thwart the will of Jove."

With a heavy heart, Diomed saw that it was best to follow his advice. It grieved him to think that Hector now could make his boast that he had put Diomed to flight and compelled him to seek the shelter of the ships. Nestor replied with words of comfort, saying that even the Trojans themselves would not believe such a boast when they remembered how many of their brave warriors he had slain.

Then Hector called aloud to his soldiers, urging them forward in a swift pursuit. He told them they must now acquit themselves

like men, for it is seen that Jove is on their side and will award them the victory. "Let us now pursue them," he said, "with fiery haste, that we may seize the shield of Nestor, whose fame has reached high heaven; let us strip off the glorious mail of Diomed, which Vulcan forged for him. This done our hope may be that all the Greeks will climb their galleys and depart to-night."

Juno heard these boastful words of Hector with a trembling heart, for she wished the Greeks to win the fight. Calling Neptune, the god of the sea, she proposed to him that all the gods who favored the Greeks should join together to drive the Trojans back. Neptune chided her for her rash words, telling her that it would never do for the gods to join in conflict with Jupiter, who was more mighty than all of them.

In the meantime Hector had driven the Greeks within the trenches and wall with which they had surrounded their galleys.

Then, aided by Jupiter, he would have given their fleet to the flames had not Juno nerved the heart of Agamemnon to exhort the Greeks to continue the combat. With quick steps he moved among the tents, trying to shame the warriors, that they should allow Hector to burn their ships. Then, praying to Father Jove, he supplicated his protection and pleaded with tears that he would not let the Trojans destroy them.

Jove heard his prayer, and pitying him, assented that his people should escape utter ruin. So, to encourage him, he sent an eagle, bearing in its talons a young fawn, which it dropped at the altar where the Greeks paid their offering to Jove. When they beheld this omen, and knew that it had been sent by Jove, they took courage again, and rallying rushed against the Trojans and drove them back across the trench.

Diomed, Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, and others, struck down many a Trojan hero;

and Teucer, a skillful archer, sent many an arrow on a mission of death. Hidden behind the shield of Ajax, Teucer aimed an arrow at Hector; but Apollo turned the shaft aside and it struck the brother of Hector and pierced him through the breast. A second arrow, aimed in the same way, was turned aside and slew the driver of his chariot.

Then Hector, calling to Cebriones to mount and take the reins, leaped from his car with a mighty cry, and seized a ponderous stone and ran at Teucer, who had taken another arrow from his quiver. Just as he was drawing the bow, Hector hurled the stone and smote him between the neck and shoulder and broke the tendon, so that the hero sank upon his knees, and his arm fell helpless at his side. Ajax saw his brother fall, and ran to him and sheltered him with his shield till two of his friends could come to his aid, who took him up and carried him, groaning with pain, to the ships.

And now inspired by Jove with valor, the

men of Troy drove the Greeks back again within their trenches. Hector rushed after them and slew the hindermost as they fled. When they had reached the ships they halted, and lifting up their hands prayed aloud to all the gods to save them from destruction.

Juno, who had then been watching them in their sore distress and danger, could endure the sight no longer. With trembling words she urged Pallas to descend with her to aid the Greeks and save them from the dreadful assault of Hector. Pallas gave a glad consent; and Juno hastily caparisoned her fiery steeds while Pallas threw off her gorgeous robe and put on the mail of Jove. Then they climbed into their glorious car, and Juno, taking the lines, urged the coursers to full speed. So through the golden gates of heaven they drove down toward the earth where the great conflict was raging.

Jupiter, still sitting on Mount Ida, saw them start, and in great anger summoned the

swift-winged Iris, and bade her follow and overtake the two goddesses and turn them back to heaven, warning them not to defy his will, or he would make their swift steeds lame and dash their car to fragments and hurl the riders down, so that for ten long years they would not cease to suffer from the wounds made by his thunderbolts.

Iris overtook them in their flight and delivered the fearful message of Jove. Juno's heart was filled with fear, and turning to Pallas she said, "Let us strive with Jove no longer for the sake of men; but let one perish and another live as chance may rule the hour." Then she turned her fiery coursers back toward the skies, and entering the assembly of the gods again with Pallas, both sad at heart, they took their places upon the golden seats among the other gods.

Then in his bright-wheeled car Jove himself came from Mount Ida to Olympus, the dwelling-place of the gods. Seating himself

JUNO AND PALLAS GOING TO ASSIST THE GREEKS.



upon his golden throne, and perceiving Juno and Pallas, who sat apart and did not salute him as he came, he chided them for their hatred of the Trojans, and told them that if they had dared to disobey his command he would have smitten their chariot with thunder, so that it never would have brought them back to the abode of the gods.

Fearful of such a fate, Juno and Pallas sat with closed lips, not daring to reply, yet still devising in their hearts new mischief for the sons of Troy. Juno, breaking the silence, promised to obey him and stand aloof from the contest, but said their hearts were full of sorrow for the heroic Greeks who are perishing by a cruel fate. Jupiter then told them of the greater deeds of Hector on the morrow, who would not desist from the conflict until he should arouse Achilles to the fight, for such was the will of fate.

And now, the conflict still raging, the evening shadows began to fall upon the earth.

The sons of Troy beheld the sunset with keen regret, for they hoped to drive the Greeks into their ships before the day had closed. To the Greeks, however, the coming darkness was a welcome sight. Withdrawing from the contest, Hector led his forces back from the galleys beyond the trenches, and bade them prepare their evening meal and get ready for the struggle of the coming day.

Addressing his brave warriors, he said: "I had thought to make havoc of the Grecian ships and all their hosts to-day, but darkness came too soon and saved them from our hand. Let us yield, therefore, to the night, and with our watch set make ready to renew the conflict with the early morn, and drive these dogs back to their native shores. To-morrow's sun, methinks, will see the valiant Diomed laid low with my good spear, and all his bloody spoils taken to Troy."

Applauding their heroic leader, the Trojans and their allies prepared their evening meal,

kindled their watch-fires, set their watch to prevent surprise, and rested for the night. The scene, as described by Homer, was one of wondrous beauty. In the beautiful language of Mr. Bryant we read :

“So, high in hope, they sat the whole night through
In warlike lines, and many watch-fires blazed.
As when in heaven the stars look brightly forth
Round the clear shining moon, while not a breeze
Stirs in the depths of air, and all the stars
Are seen, and gladness fills the shepherd’s heart,
So many fires in sight of Ilium blazed.
Lit by the sons of Troy, between the ships
And eddying Xanthus : on the plain there shone
A thousand ; fifty warriors by each fire
Sat in its light. Their steeds beside the cars—
Champing their oats and their white barley—stood,
And waited for the golden moon to rise.”

CHAPTER XI

THE EMBASSY TO ACHILLES

THE Trojans thus with their watch well set, rested and made ready for the coming day. The Greeks, who had been driven to their ships, were full of fear; and even their bravest chiefs were ready to give up the contest. Agamemnon, sore at heart with grief, and scarce knowing what to do, walked through the camp of his tired and sleeping warriors and called his wisest chiefs to council.

With silent steps and heavy hearts, the heroes took their seats in the assembly. Agamemnon arose, and in tears addressed them, saying, "O, my friends, Jove hath in an evil snare cruelly entangled me. He gave his promise that I should overthrow the strong walled city of Troy and return; but now he sends me back to Greece with loss of many

warriors. Let us now take to our ships and hasten back to Greece, for I see that Troy can never be ours."

The assembly listened to these sad words, and sat for a long while in silence. At length Diomed arose and gave his voice against this advice to abandon the contest and return empty-handed to their homes. He told Agamemnon that though Jove had given him a high position among men, he had not conferred upon him the noblest quality of fortitude. Then growing warmer in his speech, he ridiculed Agamemnon for his cowardice, telling him he could return to Greece if he wished, but as for the rest of them they would remain until the city of Troy was overthrown.

The Greeks were stirred by these brave words, and showed their approval with loud applause. Nestor then suggested that a banquet be prepared at which they should take counsel of their most prudent warriors in respect to what had best be done. To this

they all agreed, and setting their watch to guard against a surprise, they sat down to their banquet.

Now, when they had well feasted, the aged Nestor arose, and in plain and prudent words reminded Agamemnon of the great wrong he had done Achilles by taking from him the maiden Briseis. Agamemnon acknowledged his fault and offered to atone for it by sending back Briseis to Achilles and with her many choice and costly gifts. Then by the advice of Nestor an embassy consisting of Ulysses, Ajax, Eurybates and others, friends of Achilles, was sent to convey this offer to the hero.

They found the hero among the ships amusing himself with a sweet-toned harp soothing his spirit by singing of the deeds of war. By his side sat his bosom friend, the brave Patroclus. When Achilles saw the embassy, he arose from his seat and, coming forward, took each one by the hand and gave them a cordial welcome. He then had them seated on rich

couches covered with purple, and bade his friend Patroclus prepare for them a banquet. So they all sat down to the rich repast of meats and fruits and fragrant wine.

As the banquet was drawing to its close, Ulysses, at a signal from Ajax, pledged the health of Achilles in a goblet of wine, and then told him the object of their visit. He explained to him the disasters and woes of the Greeks, and the need of his assistance to save the vessels from destruction. He then told him of the offer of Agamemnon to atone for the wrong done to him by restoring to him the maid Briseis, accompanied by many costly gifts of gold, and promising him also twenty of the most beautiful women of Troy if through Achilles' aid the city could be taken. "Besides these," he said, "Agamemnon offers to give thee one of his daughters to wife, and with her seven cities by the sea."

Achilles in reply reminded them of the great wrong that he had suffered at the hand

of Agamemnon, and rejected his offer with scorn. With many bitter words, growing still more bitter as he spoke, he said, "He has deceived and wronged me once, and he cannot wheedle me now with words. Let him keep my bride, the damsel whom I loved so tenderly. I hate his gifts and hold in utter scorn the giver. No child of Agamemnon shall I wed; even though she vied with golden Venus in her charms and blue-eyed Pallas in her skill, I would not wed her."

The ambassadors heard him in silence and deep sorrow, and then with united voices endeavored to persuade him to accept the offer and rejoin them in the conflict with the Trojans. With sighs and even tears they depicted the woes of the Greeks, the danger lest Hector should destroy their fleet, and pleaded with him to reconsider his decision. But Achilles could not be moved from his firm purpose, and so the embassy departed to return to their ships.

Now, when the ambassadors were come within the tent of Agamemnon, all the chiefs rose, one by one, and lifting up their golden goblets, asked the news which they had brought. Then Ulysses, as leader of the embassy, gave them the hero's reply, telling Agamemnon that Achilles would not let his wrath abate, but raged fiercely and spurned him and his gifts. "He leaves you," he says, "to consult the Greeks by what means to save the fleet, while for himself he means to launch his vessels on the morrow and sail for home."

At these bitter words they were all amazed and sorely grieved, and they sat for a long time in silence and deep thought.

At last the brave warrior Diomed arose and said he was sorry that they had sent to Achilles to ask for his assistance, for now he would be more insolent than ever. "Let us," he said, "leave him to go or stay as he chooses; for he will fight yet when his mind changes, or when some god shall move him."

So saying, he advised that they now retire to rest, and that on the morrow, rising at the early dawn, Agamemnon should lead them to the fight and be himself among the foremost in the ranks. To this the warriors all gave their assent, admiring the wisdom and valor of Diomed. So pouring out their libations, they departed to their tents and lay down to rest, hoping thus to gain strength and courage for the coming contest.

CHAPTER XII

NIGHT ADVENTURE OF DIOMED AND ULYSSES

ALL night long the Grecian warriors lay resting by their ships in sleep. But no sleep came to the eyes of Agamemnon, for his heart was heavy with anxiety and fear. Looking toward Troy, he saw the fires blazing before the city and heard the sound of music and revelry. Then in agony of spirit he tore his hair and vented his heart in groans and tears.

At length he decided to go and consult with Nestor, to see if they could devise some means to escape from the dangers which menaced them. As he was putting on his armor to start, Menelaus, whose heart was also full of grief, came to him, and asked him if he thought of sending some one within the Trojan lines to see what they were planning for

the morrow. "If so," he said, "it will require a bold man to creep alone at dead of night within the hostile lines, and I fear no one will accept the task."

The king in reply said that it would be best to take counsel with their wisest chiefs, and sent him to call Ajax, while he himself went to consult with Nestor. He found the aged chief on his soft couch within his tent beside his dark brown ship. As he awoke he raised his head, and leaning on his elbow, inquired why Agamemnon had come to him at this hour of midnight when others were resting in sleep. Agamemnon replied that he wished him to go with him to visit the guards and see whether they kept a faithful watch. "The foe is near us in his camp," he said, "and even now he may be planning to attack us in our tents."

Nestor seeing his fear, spoke a few words of cheer, and advised him to call some of the other chiefs to council. He then arose, and

putting on his cloak and sandals, and grasping a spear in his hand, went to the tent of Ulysses and called him forth; who, in his turn, summoned Diomed and Ajax, and the rest.

When they had all come together, Nestor led them to the other side of the trench, where Hector the day before had slain so many of the Greeks. Here they found an open space clear of the dead; and they sat down and took counsel together. After much thought and debate, it was decided to send out spies to visit the Trojan camp and ascertain their purpose for the following day.

Nestor then asked who of them would offer to go, saying that great honor and rich gifts would be won thereby. Diomed replied that he would undertake the task, but wished some chief to bear him company, as "two wits were better than one in such an enterprise."

Many of the chiefs were willing to share the danger with Diomed; but Agamemnon

said that Diomed should choose for himself a comrade without regard to his birth or rank. So Diomed chose Ulysses, saying, "He is brave and prudent and a favorite of Pallas."

Then they armed themselves, Diomed taking a two-edged sword and a shield, and Ulysses a bow and quiver with his sword and shield. When they were ready to start a heron, sent by Pallas to be their guide, flew beside their path. The night was dark, so that they could not see the form of the bird, but they could hear the rustling of its wings and thus follow it. This token of the favor of Pallas gave them great delight, and they prayed the goddess for her guidance and protection. Pallas heard their prayer, and filled their hearts with hope and courage as they started on their secret and dangerous enterprise.

Meantime Hector had called his leading chiefs to council. He had also been thinking of sending spies into his enemy's camp.

When they were assembled he told them of his purpose, and offered a large reward to any one who would approach the Grecian ships and ascertain whether the fleet was guarded or whether they were preparing for flight. For awhile all were silent, no one wishing to engage in so dangerous an undertaking.

Now, there was among the Trojan chiefs one named Dolon, deformed in face but swift of foot, and rich in gold and brass. When he saw the hesitation of the chiefs he stood forth, and with haughty air and boastful words, offered to visit the ships and learn the designs of the Grecian hosts, if Hector would promise him as a reward the horses and chariot of Achilles, and confirm his promise with an oath. Hector held his sceptre forth and gave the oath, swearing that no other Trojan than Dolon should possess them.

It was an idle oath, yet gave courage to the spy, who instantly made ready to depart. Around his shoulders he flung a gray wolf's-

hide, put on a helmet of grizzly wolf-skin, and with his bow and javelin started alone for the Grecian fleet.

As Dolon, running swiftly, approached the Grecian trench, the quick eye of Ulysses saw him, and turning to Diomed he said, "Some one is coming from the Trojan camp either as a spy or to spoil the dead. Now, we will let him pass by us, and then rush upon him and seize him."

So they lay down among the dead just without the path, while Dolon unwarily passed by them. When he had gone on a few steps, they rose and rushed after him to seize him. As Dolon heard their steps, he stopped, hoping that Hector had sent some of his companions to call him to return. But as they came near him, he saw that they were foes and turned to flee, while they followed him in swift pursuit.

In his flight he came near the fleet, where he would have mingled with the guards and

been slain by some of them; but Diomed, not wishing any other Greek should deprive him of the honor of taking the spy, rushed upon him with uplifted spear, crying out to him to stop or he would slay him. Thus speaking, he hurled his spear just over the right shoulder of the spy, so that it struck in the ground before him. Then Dolon, pale with fear, stopped; and they ran up and seized him.

With chattering teeth and stammering tongue and many tears, Dolon begged them to take him alive, and a costly sum would be paid to ransom him. Ulysses, with crafty words, bade him be of good cheer and not think of death. "But tell us truly," he said, "why you have left the Trojan camp and come toward the fleet, whether it was to strip the dead, or Hector sent you as a spy, or you came on some errand of your own."

Then Dolon, trembling with fear, and hoping to save his life, told them that Hector had sent him against his will to find out whether

the Greeks were guarding their galleys as heretofore or were preparing to escape by flight. "And he enticed me," he added, "by promising to give me the horses and chariot of Achilles as a reward."

Ulysses, with smiles and crafty words, asked him to tell him where he left Hector, where were his arms, his steeds, his sentinels and the tents of the other chiefs. Decoyed by the smooth words and friendly manner of Ulysses, Dolon told him all he wished to know. He told him where the Trojan forces and their allies lay, and how the Thracians, who had just come to the field led by their king Rhesus, lay apart from the others with no watch set. He told them also of the beautiful horses of the king, saying, "Never have I seen horses so fair and tall as his, for they are whiter than snow and fleeter than the wind. His chariot, too," he said, "is trimmed with gold and silver, and his golden armor is a wonder to behold, fit for the deathless gods to wear."

Having thus cowardly betrayed the secrets of the Trojans, Dolon begged to be taken to the Grecian ships, or to be left bound with thongs till their return, so that they could see whether he had spoken truly or falsely. Diomed, with a grim face, answered him, saying, "Do not think to escape, Dolon, though thou hast told us things that profit us. If we release thee now, thou mayst come again to our fleet as a spy or thou mayst fight us openly. If we take thy life now, thou wilt trouble the Greeks no more."

Then as Dolon, still begging for his life, began a prayer, Diomed smote him with his sword, severing his head, which fell and rolled into the dust. Ulysses then took the helmet of otter skin, his wolf's-hide cloak, his bow and spear, and lifting the trophies high toward heaven offered them to Pallas, and prayed her to guide them on their way to the Trojan camp. He then hung them on a tamarisk tree, and made a mark with reeds and tamarisk

boughs so that in the darkness they might know the place on their return.

Then onward, amid strewn arms and slain men and pools of blood, they went to where the Thracian hosts lay sleeping. They found Rhesus slumbering in their midst, and near him were his fleet steeds bound with thongs to the topmost rim of the chariot. Then Diomed and Ulysses smote the Thracian heroes until twelve of them were slain, Ulysses drawing the bodies backward by the feet as Diomed slew them, to clear a way for the horses. At length they reached the king, who lay sleeping, unconscious of his fate; and Diomed put him to death, while Ulysses loosed the snow-white steeds and drove them forth from the camp.

As Ulysses was going he whistled softly to Diomed, who lingered, not knowing whether to take the chariot containing the embroidered armor or slay more of the Thracian warriors. Pallas, fearing lest some god arouse the sons

of Troy, drew near and said to him that it was time to return to the ships. He knew the voice of the goddess, and leaping upon one of the steeds he started with Ulysses in great haste to return to the galleys of the Greeks.

During this time Apollo, bearer of the silver bow, had kept no vain watch. When he saw Pallas at the side of Diomed he went quickly to the Trojan hosts and aroused a kinsman of Rhesus from sleep.

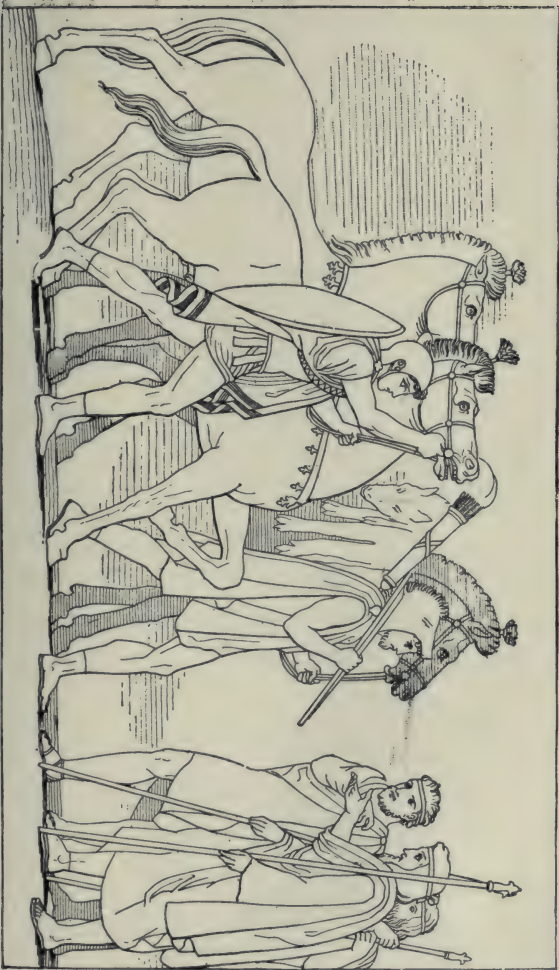
Leaping from his couch he saw the vacant place where the swift steeds had stood and the dying chiefs weltering in their blood; and amazed and weeping he called aloud the name of his friend. The Trojans were aroused by the cry, and with great clamor came rushing to the spot. When they saw their chiefs thus slain, and that the horses of the king had been driven away, they were astonished at the daring deed of the Grecians.

Meanwhile the Grecian heroes hastened toward their ships. When they reached the

spot where they had slain the spy they reined in their horses, and leaping down Diomed handed to Ulysses the blood-stained trophies which they had hung upon the tamarisk tree. Then mounting again his steed they continued their swift flight to the ships.

Nestor, who had been anxiously awaiting their return, heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and speaking to the other chiefs expressed the hope, mingled with fear, that it might be Ulysses and Diomed returning from the Trojan camp. While he was speaking the heroes came riding on their swift steeds, and springing from them received a cordial welcome from their friends, who flocked around them eager to hear the result of their mission.

Ulysses then related to them the story of their adventure, telling them how they had caught the spy and learned from him the position of the Trojan armies, and by this means had entered the Thracian camp and put to



DIOMED AND ULYSSES RETURNING WITH THE SPOILS OF RHESUS

death their leader and his twelve companions, and brought away with them the swift and beautiful snow-white coursers of Rhesus.

They listened to the story of the spies with bated breath, rejoicing at their success and safe return. Then they all went over the trench and through the gates of the wall, leading the horses to the stalls of Diomed, where his own fleet steeds stood eating barley. Ulysses placed the bloody spoil of Dolon on the stern of his galley as an offering to Pallas, who had guided them on their dangerous mission.

Diomed and Ulysses then went down into the sea and washed the sweat and grime from their weary limbs and bodies. When this was done they came up out of the sea and stepping into the polished basins of the bath, they bathed and rubbed themselves with fragrant oil. Thus refreshed they sat down to a rich repast which their comrades had prepared for them. In gratitude to Pallas for her guid-

ance and their safe return, they first poured out a cup to her which they had drawn from the brimming bowl; and then they drank themselves of the pleasant wine and feasted on the tender flesh. When the feast was ended they all arose, and retiring to their tents, lay down to rest, and were soon folded in the arms of peaceful sleep.

CHAPTER XIII

THE WOUNDING OF THE CHIEFS

IN the early morning a warlike messenger, sent by Jupiter, went shouting through the Grecian camp urging them to renew the battle. Standing on a huge black ship near the middle of the fleet she waved her ensigns of war and shouted terribly. Excited by the din, the hearts of the Grecian warriors were again filled with valor, and they were anxious for the fray. Agamemnon, putting on his royal armor of gold and brass, and taking two massive spears in his hand, placed himself at their head and led them to meet the Trojan hosts.

The Trojan chiefs had marshalled their forces on a hill in the midst of the plain. Here they stood grouped around Hector and the other heroes, awaiting the coming of the

Greeks. The two contending hosts met face to face, rushing upon each other like angry wolves. Fast fell the strokes on every side, and fast the warriors fell, wounded and dying. The Greeks made a daring charge and broke the serried phalanxes of Troy. Agamemnon performed miracles of prowess, and many a Trojan warrior fell beneath his sword and spear. The Trojans, unable to bear the onset, fled across the plain until they reached the gates of the city, Agamemnon following them, slaying with his own hand the hindermost as they fled before him.

Jupiter, who had been watching the fight from high Olympus, now came down to Mount Ida, holding in his hand a thunderbolt. Calling Iris, his swift-winged messenger, he sent her to Hector, telling him to encourage his men to continue the battle, and that when he saw Agamemnon, wounded by a spear, ascend his chariot, that he should turn upon the Greeks and drive them to their ships. So

Hector, encouraged by this message, went everywhere among his troops, exhorting them to renew the stubborn fight. The Trojans, seeing their heroic leader, were inspired with new courage, and rallying, stood firm against the Greeks, and the battle raged with greater fury than before.

Among the Trojans were two young warriors, the sons of Antenor. The younger, named Iphidamus, a handsome youth, had just married a lovely wife, when he heard of the attack of the Greeks on Troy. Leaving his young bride almost at the marriage altar, he marched with his brother to Troy to aid in its defense. Agamemnon met him in the fight and threw his spear at Iphidamus, but missed his aim and left the young hero unhurt. Iphidamus in return dealt the king a vigorous blow, striking him on the belt beneath the breastplate; but the point of his spear met a plate of silver and was turned aside. With the strength of a lion Agamem-

non seized the weapon and drew it from the hand of Iphidamus, and then drawing his sword, struck the hero on the neck and laid him dead before him.

His brother Coön saw him fall, and determined to avenge his death. Stepping aside, with his spear couched, he struck Agamemnon as he passed, the spear going through the middle of the hero's arm below the elbow, inflicting a severe and painful wound. He then seized his brother by the feet to draw him away, calling his friends to come to his aid. Maddened with the blow, Agamemnon rushed upon the young warrior as he bent over his dead brother, and thrust his spear through his body, and with his sword struck off his head. Thus he sent two young warriors, the pride of their father's house, to the realms of death.

Agamemnon then turned to continue the fight with his bleeding arm, but as soon as the blood ceased to flow the wound became so

painful that he could not endure it. So, turning to his chiefs, he told them that it was their duty to drive back the foe from the ships, for he could no longer lead them in the fight. Then mounting his chariot he bade his charioteer hasten to bring him to the ships.

Hector saw his flight and called aloud to the Trojans and their allies to push the fight, as Agamemnon had withdrawn from the battle. Rushing among the Greeks himself, he smote right and left, strewing the ground with the dead and dying and striking panic in the boldest hearts. Ulysses, seeing the Greeks about to flee from the field, called to Diomed to come and stand by his side and try to help him save the honor of the day. Diomed heard his call and, rushing to his side, they performed deeds of valor.

Hector saw them putting his brave warriors to rout, and drove swiftly toward them to drive them from the field. As he came near, Diomed flung his lance, which struck Hector on

the helmet and so stunned him that he fell to the ground. Diomed sprang to regain his spear, which glancing from Hector's helmet, stood fixed in the earth; but before he could use it Hector had recovered his breath, and leaping into his chariot drove into the crowd and thus escaped.

Diomed pursued him, shouting, "This time, thou cur, thou hast escaped thy doom, but I shall surely slay thee yet." At this moment Paris, who was hiding behind the pillar in the tomb of Ilus, drew his bow and shot an arrow at Diomed, which struck him on the foot and passed through it into the ground. Then with a laugh, Paris sprang from his ambush, shouting that Diomed was smitten at last, and wishing that he had been slain. Diomed replied to these taunting words, saying the wound was a slight thing, and calling Paris an idle boaster and an unwarlike weakling.

Ulysses seeing Diomed thus wounded, came and stood before him, protecting him with his

shield, while the wounded hero stooped down and drew the arrow from his foot. So keen was the pain that he could not endure it, and he sprang into his car and bade his charioteer to drive him in all haste to the Grecian ships.

Ulysses was thus left alone among the fleeing Grecians, and he knew not what was best to do. He feared to leave the field, for that would be a great disgrace; and yet he feared to stay, for it would be even a worse fate if he were taken alive by the Trojans. As he thus pondered, the Trojan forces came rushing forward and closed around him. Then, like a wild beast driven at bay, he turned upon them, striking right and left and beating back his foes. A Trojan warrior named Socus hurled his spear at him and smote him in the side, making a severe and ugly wound. As Socus turned to flee, Ulysses flung after him his well-aimed spear, which struck him in the back and sent him with his armor clashing to the earth. Then grasping the spear, which

still stuck in his side, he pulled it forth, and the blood came gushing from the wound and his body was racked with pain.

The sons of Troy saw Ulysses wounded and bleeding, and calling to each other, came rushing upon him. Retreating slowly as they came, he shouted to his comrades to hasten to his aid. Menelaus heard his voice and called to Ajax to go with him and try to break through the crowd and rescue the hero. Fighting their way through the Trojan warriors that surrounded him, they found him wounded and bleeding and defending himself single-handed from his foes. Ajax quickly springing to his side held before him his mighty shield to protect him from their strokes, and when the Trojans saw the mighty chief they turned and fled with fear. Then Menelaus took the wounded hero by the hand and led him to his chariot, and sent him to his ships.

Ajax then sprang upon the Trojans, cutting his way through men and horses, and routed

and pursued them over the plain. Hector did not know of this, for he was performing deeds of prowess elsewhere on the field. At length his charioteer, seeing the tumult and the disordered ranks, called Hector's attention to the desperate strife. With a quick glance he saw his warriors giving way before the spear of Ajax, when striking his coursers with the lash, he drove with full speed to that part of the field. Over Greeks and Trojans and spears and shields lying upon the ground they trampled, and the axle and the wheels were stained with blood.

Rushing with full speed upon the Greeks, Hector strove to pierce and break through their ranks. With spear and sword and ponderous stones he fought, slaying and wounding and putting them to flight. Ajax saw him, and his heart, touched by Jupiter, was filled with fear. Casting glances like a beast of prey from side to side, he slowly moved backward, withdrawing from the fight; then

suddenly he threw his buckler on his shoulder and began a swift retreat. The Trojans and their allies rushed after him like a pack of wolves upon their prey; and like a lion at bay he would turn upon them and with his sword and spear send them back affrighted. Thus alternately fighting and retreating, he kept his foes from reaching the galleys of the Greeks.

Meanwhile Paris had been aiding the Trojans with his bow and arrows. As Machaon, the great physician of the Greeks, was fighting gallantly, Paris aimed a triple-barbed arrow at him and pierced him in the shoulder. His friends seeing him wounded, hurried him from the field, saying, "A leech like him is worth a host of us." Another Grecian warrior, named Eurypylus, having slain a Trojan, was stripping him of his armor, when Paris saw him, and with skillful aim, shot an arrow in his thigh. The arrow broke in the wound, and the pain was so great that the

wounded warrior mingled with his comrades in the ranks and fled toward the ships.

Now, as the swift coursers were bearing Nestor and Machaon from the field, Achilles, who sat on his ship looking upon the battle, saw them. Turning to his friend Patroclus, he said to him, "The Greeks, I believe, will soon be at my knees again imploring me for aid. Do you now go forth and ask Nestor who it is that he is bringing thus wounded from the field."

Heeding the request, Patroclus hastened to the tent of Nestor and saw that it was Machaon who was sitting there wounded. Nestor related to him the story of their woes, how Agamemnon and Diomed were wounded, and begged him to try to persuade Achilles to come to their aid. The heart of Patroclus was touched with the story, and he started without delay to return to the ships of Achilles. As he passed the galleys of Ulysses, he met Eurypylus, who came limping from the battle with

an arrow in his thigh. From his head and shoulders the sweat ran streaming, while from his wound the blood came welling in a purple current. With pity in his heart at the hero's sorry plight, Patroclus said, "Ah, wretched men, ye chiefs and princes of the Greeks! How are ye doomed to lose your lives and feast with your fair limbs the dogs of Troy, far from your friends and native shores. But tell me this, Eurypylus, will yet the Greeks withstand the valiant Hector, or must they perish subdued by his mighty spear?"

To this the wounded chief replied, "No more, Patroclus, is there any help for the Greeks, but they will fall and perish among their black ships upon the shore. For all the bravest of them are even now lying wounded in their ships smitten by Trojan spears. And now, I pray thee, lend me thy aid and take me to my ship, and cut away the arrow from my thigh, and wash away the clotted blood, and

soothe the pain with healing drugs, such as thou hast learned to use from Achilles."

Moved with pity, Patroclus lifted up the wounded hero and carried him to his tent and laid him on his couch. He then cut the arrow from his thigh, and washed the wound, and applied a healing root to ease the pain and stop the flow of blood. And soon the wound began to dry, the pain ceased, and the blood no longer flowed.

Thus the Grecian chiefs were wounded one by one, until all their great leaders were driven from the field. The tide of battle, which had set in so favorably for the Greeks, was turned; and the hearts of the Grecian warriors were filled with gloom and fear. Unable longer to maintain the fight, they fled for refuge within the trench and wall with which they had surrounded the fleet.

CHAPTER XIV

THE BATTLE AT THE WALL

THE battle was still raging with undiminished fury. The Greeks had fled for refuge within the wall that they had built around their fleet. The Trojans came rushing up to the trench in quick pursuit. Hector gave the command to his warriors to cross the trench, but the horses stopped and stood upon the brink, fearing to leap it, for it was broad and deep and was filled with great sharp-pointed stakes.

Then Polydamus said to Hector that he thought it would be unwise to attempt to cross the trench in the chariots; for even if it were possible, and they should chance to meet with a reverse, they would find it difficult to return with them. Therefore he said, "Let us leave our chariots on the brink of the trench and



POLYDAMUS AND HECTOR AT THE TRENCH

go on foot to attack the wall." Hector, seeing that this advice was good, leaped from his car to the ground, and all the other warriors did the same. The charioteers then reined back the horses, and they stood in ranks on the border of the trench.

Hector then formed his troops into five columns, he taking charge of the largest and bravest, Polydamus and Cebriones accompanying him. The second column was commanded by Paris, in connection with Alcatheüs and Agenor. The third column was commanded by Helenus and Deiphobus, and with them was the hero Asius. Æneas led the fourth column, and with him were joined Archilochus and Acamas, sons of Antenor. The fifth company consisted of the allies of Troy, commanded by Sarpedon, and with him were Glaucus and Asteropæus.

As they marched to the assault the men in each company joined their shields so as to protect themselves from the darts of the

enemy. They were all on foot except Asius, who in his pride would not dismount, but thought to drive his chariot up to the ships of the Greeks. Vain was his pride, for he was destined never to return with his horses and chariot to the city of Troy.

On the left hand of the wall the gates had been left open for the entrance of the Greeks who were fleeing from the battle. Seeing this, Asius turned his coursers thither; and his men followed him with a great shout, thinking the Greeks could not resist their onset.

Now at the gate were two warders, mighty heroes, named Polypœtes and Leonteus. They had gone within to encourage their comrades to battle for the ships; but when they saw Asius and his troops making for the open space, they quickly darted forth and stood in front of the gates to defend them. The men also standing upon the wall hurled down great stones which fell upon the warriors of Asius

as thick as snowflakes in winter, striking their helmets and making them ring aloud. Many fell wounded to the death, and Asius found he could not reach the wall.

Far toward the right brave Hector stood, thinking how it was best to make the attack. Just as he was about to lead his men across the trench, an augury appeared in the form of an eagle soaring high in the air between the two armies, bearing in his talons a monstrous serpent. The snake fought fiercely for its life, and wreathing itself about the eagle wounded it in the breast. The bird in pain dropped its prey in the midst of the hosts and flew away with a loud cry. The Trojans shuddered when they saw the spotted snake lying among them—an omen from Ægis-bearing Jove.

Then Polydamus, a soothsayer, came to Hector to tell him what he thought the omen meant. "It is a warning to the Trojans," he said, "that though they should drive the Greeks to their ships they will not subdue them; but

will be driven back in disorder, leaving many of their comrades behind. Let us, therefore," he said, "not follow the Grecian warriors to their ships, for I am sure that I interpret this omen aright."

This interpretation chafed the valiant spirit of Hector, and he told Polydamus that he must have lost his wits. He said that for himself he took little heed to birds how they fly; but that he had regard to the will of Jove, who rules over gods and men, and who had promised him success. "There is but one sign," he said, "to a brave man, and that is that he is fighting for his country. Therefore take heed not to hold thyself back from the fight, nor hold back any others, or I will smite thee with my spear." Thus spake the noble Hector in his pride and to his sorrow in the days to come.

Then he sprang forward to the attack, his men following him with a shout. Jupiter, to aid the Trojans, sent a strong wind, which

drove the dust of the plain into the faces of the Greeks, and filled their hearts with fear. The Trojans were encouraged by these portents, and made strenuous efforts to force their way through the massive ramparts. They tore the galleries from the towers, and leveled down the breastworks, heaved with levers the jutting buttresses which supported the towers from their places, and brought them to the ground.

But the Greeks defended the ramparts with so much courage that the Trojans could not force the gates nor break through the massive wall. The Grecian warriors rushed into the breaches and closed them up with their broad shields, behind which they smote the Trojans as they came below the walls. The two Ajax chieftains flew from tower to tower and cheered the Grecians on and aroused their valor, some with gentle words and some with harsh rebuke. The air was dark with flying stones flung by each side at the other, as when the

flakes of snow fall thick on a winter day. Many on both sides were smitten to the ground, and all along the wall arose a fearful din.

Then Jove sent his son Sarpedon to aid the Trojans in the attack. With powerful hands he seized the battlements, and wrenching them to the earth made a passage for the assailing hosts. Ajax and Teucer saw the breach and ran to defend it. Ajax picking up a mighty stone that lay upon the battlements, hurled it at Epicles, a comrade of Sarpedon, and smote him on the head, crushing in his skull. Teucer drew his bow and shot an arrow at Glaucus, piercing him in the shoulder as he was scaling the lofty wall. Back from the wall he leaped and quickly withdrew, so that the Greeks might not see the wounded limb and scoff. Sarpedon was grieved to be thus left alone, but still continued to tear down the battlements and lay open the wall for the Trojans to enter.

Then Ajax and Teucer both aimed their spears at Sarpedon. Teucer's spear struck the strap in the middle of the shield, but did not harm the hero, for Jupiter warded off the blow. Ajax drove his spear almost through the shield, checking the warrior in his movements and forcing him to fall back a little, though he did not cease from the fight. Turning to the Lycians, he shouted loudly for them to follow him, and they came rushing around their king. Severe was the fight, for the Lycians could not break down the walls and make a way to the ships, neither could the Greeks drive the Lycians from the wall where they stood. Many Lycian heroes were slain, and the towers and battlements were steeped in blood.

But to the noble Hector, as was decreed, fell the glory of the day. Cheering on his men, they rushed in mighty throngs against the wall and climbed the battlements to charge the foe with spears. Then Hector seized a

massive stone that lay in front of the gates, thick at one end, but sharpened to a point at the other. Carrying the stone with ease, he came close up before the gates; and standing with feet wide apart, so as to give him greater strength, he hurled it at the folding doors of the gates. The blow tore off the hinges, broke the solid bars, and shattered the beams in pieces, so that the folding doors flew open.

Then Hector leaped down into the open space within the Grecian wall and shouted to his men to follow him. With flashing eyes, and look as stern as night, holding a spear in each hand, he rushed upon the foe. The men of Troy, some over the wall and some through the gates, came rushing after him. The Greeks in terror fled to their ships, and a fearful tumult filled the air.

CHAPTER XV

THE BATTLE AT THE SHIPS

NOW when the Trojans had driven the Grecians to their ships, Jupiter thinking that none of the gods would dare to lend their aid to either side, turned his eyes away from Troy. Neptune, seated on the wooded heights of Samos, had been watching the defeat of the Greeks with sullen brow. As soon as he saw that Jupiter had withdrawn his attention from the battle, he came with four great strides to Ægæ, where his palace stood in the depths of the sea.

Quickly he harnessed his swift horses with their flowing manes to his golden chariot. Then throwing around his shoulders his shining armor, he seized his lash and, mounting his chariot, drove forth, riding upon the waves. Around his car the monsters of the deep came

gamboling, while the waves in gladness smoothed a path before him. His bounding steeds bore him swiftly on until he reached a spacious cave near the Grecian fleet. Here he reined in his fleet coursers, took off their yoke and bound their feet in golden fetters. Then he wended his way to the Grecian hosts.

Taking the form of Calchas, the herald, he went through the Grecian camp, speaking words of cheer to the chiefs, especially to the two Ajaxes, who were still trying to stem the tide of battle. From them he went to rouse the other heroes, many of whom had sought safety in their ships. Encouraged by his words, the Greeks rallied around the two Ajaxes, ready for the attack of the Trojans. They stood in serried phalanxes, with spear beside spear and shield beside shield, so close that buckler pressed against buckler, helmet on helmet, and man on man. Their lances quivered in their hands, as they awaited with fearless hearts the attack of the Trojans.

On came the men of Troy, led by the valiant Hector. The sons of Greece withstood his onset and repulsed it, striking him with their swords and spears and forcing him to give way before the shock. Shouting to his forces, he urged them forward, saying that his spear would scatter them if Jove would give strength to his arm. With fresh courage thus enkindled in their breasts they rushed forward to the attack, and many heroes met in deadly combat.

Deiphobus, one of Priam's sons, was marching forward with a quick, proud step, holding before him his strong, round shield. Meriones, a Grecian hero, aimed his spear at him, and struck the circle of his shield with a mighty blow. The weapon failed to pierce it, but snapped off just at the neck. Vexed at his failure to smite his foe, Meriones fell back into the columns of his friends and started toward the camp to bring another spear which he had left in his tent.

Teucer, the son of Telamon, smote the gallant Imbrius with his long javelin, who fell headlong to the earth, his armor clashing about him. He sprang in haste to spoil the dead, but Hector stopped him by hurling at him his shining spear. The wary Teucer stepped aside and just escaped the brazen blade, but it struck another Grecian hero and pierced him to the heart. Hector sprang forward to tear away the helmet of the fallen warrior, but Ajax hurled his mighty spear at him, striking his shield with such a shock that it forced him to leave unspoiled the body, and the Greeks then bore it away. Then the two Ajaxes seized the corpse of Imbrius, and in anger one of them struck off the head and sent it whirling among the crowd, where it fell in the dust at the feet of Hector.

Meanwhile Neptune, who was still encouraging the Greeks, met Idomeneus as he returned from taking care of a comrade who had been wounded in the knee, and urged him to

hasten to the combat. Idomeneus ran to his tent, put on his armor and, seizing two spears, started back to join the battle. Near his tent he met Meriones, who was on his way to his own tent to obtain another spear. Urging him to make haste he started for the field; and Meriones, having got his spear, came quickly after him. By the advice of Idomeneus they joined the army on the left, thinking that the two Ajaxes and Teucer could guard the centre of the fleet against the attack of Hector.

The Trojans beheld Idomeneus, who like a flame of fire swept forward with his companion at his side. Raising their battle-cry from rank to rank, they met him as he came leading the Grecians in the fight. All along the lines, bristling with long spears, the battle raged, and no one could have seen the furious strife unmoved. Hand to hand they fought, and valiant deeds were done, and many heroes fell.

Among the Trojans was a young warrior named Orthryoneus, who had been a suitor for Priam's fair daughter Cassandra, promising to drive the Greeks from Troy if the king would give her to be his wife. The old king had given his consent, and now the brave young hero was fighting to fulfil his promise. Idomeneus saw him as he was proudly marching along, and, taking a true aim, drove his glittering spear through the young hero's body. He fell to the earth with a crash, and Idomeneus, with mocking words, seized him by the feet to drag him from the field.

King Asius was fighting on foot before his chariot, and seeing Orthryoneus fall, sprang forward to smite Idomeneus. He was too slow, for ere he could throw his spear, Idomeneus drove his weapon through the Lycian's throat. Then fell this proud young Lycian hero to the earth as falls an oak or stately pine upon the hills. So sudden was the stroke that the driver of his chariot stood dis-

mayed, forgetting to turn his horses and flee. Antilochus, the son of Nestor, struck him down and took the horses and chariot for his own.

Then Deiphobus, sorrowing for the fate of Asius, rushed at Idomeneus and hurled at him his spear. The weapon struck his broad shield with a ringing noise, but did not pierce it. Yet not in vain was the stroke, for, glancing off, it struck Hypsenor, bringing him to the ground. As he fell Deiphobus cried aloud, "Now is Asius avenged; and though he go down to the massive gates of Hades, yet will he rejoice that I have sent a companion on his way."

Scarcely had he spoken when Idomeneus slew another of the chiefs of Troy, Alcatöus, son-in-law of Anchises. As he fell Idomeneus called out to Deiphobus, "Small reason hast thou to boast, Deiphobus, for we have slain three for one. But come thou and meet me in battle, and I will teach thee of what race I

am, and that I am the dread of the sons of Troy."

Deiphobus stood for a moment, doubting whether he should try the fight alone or seek some brave comrade to aid him. Then he went to seek Æneas, whom he found in the rear of the battle vexed at heart because King Priam had not honored him among the princes of Troy. Addressing him, he said, "Come with me and help avenge Alcatheus, thy sister's husband and the guardian of thy tender years, slain by the spear of the far-famed Idomeneus."

Æneas hearing these words, ran swiftly forward to meet and if possible to slay Idomeneus. The Grecian hero saw him coming, and though he knew the prowess of Æneas, he stood his ground, but called aloud for his comrades to hasten to his aid. They heard his call and rushed quickly to his side and held their shields before him to protect him from the Trojan's spear. Æneas, seeing these war-

riors gathering around Idomeneus, cheered his followers on, and they came thronging around him, ready for the fray.

Then they joined in battle, hand to hand, around the body of Alcatheus. Æneas cast his spear to smite Idomeneus, who stepped warily aside, and it struck the ground beyond, where it stood quivering. Idomeneus did not return the blow, but struck down another Trojan hero, and then, being pressed hard, began a slow retreat. As he turned to retire from the fight, Deiphobus aimed at him a deadly blow, but missed his mark and slew Ascalaphus, the son of Mars, who fell amid the dust.

And now the warriors rushed in close fight around the body of Ascalaphus. Deiphobus stooped to spoil him of his arms, and had torn away his shining helmet, when Meriones leaped forward and smote him on the arm, and the helmet fell from the wounded limb clanging to the ground. Then Meriones again

sprang forward and plucked his spear from the shoulder of the Trojan, and, falling back among the crowd, mingled with his comrades. Polites, the brother of Deiphobus, seeing him sorely hurt, threw his arms around him and bore him from the field, bleeding and groaning with his wound, and sent him in his chariot back to the city.

Antilochus, the son of Nestor, stood watching Thoön, and as he saw him turn his face away he sprang upon him and smote him on the neck, and the hero fell backward in the dust with outstretched hands. Then Antilochus leaped upon the body and began to tear the armor from his limbs. The Trojans rushed around him, smiting his broad shield with their spears, but could not touch his body, for Neptune protected him from their darts. Yet he withdrew not from the fight, but moved among the crowd, brandishing his spear and watching where it was best to strike the foe.

Adamus, the son of Asius, beheld the hero thus in thought, and rushing forward struck the middle of his shield with his brazen spear, but Neptune stopped the blow and broke his spear in pieces. As Adamus stepped backward to join the ranks of his comrades, Meriones came running toward him and smote him in a vital part, and the young hero fell, writhing about the spear in bitter anguish. Meriones sprang after him and plucked the weapon forth, and darkness came upon the hero's eyes, and his spirit went to join that of his father Asius, who had been slain just before him.

Then Helenus, the son of Priam, smote Deipyros on the temple with his ponderous sword, and cut the three-cornered helm away and dashed it to the ground. It rolled between a Grecian warrior's feet, who stooped and picked it up, while darkness gathered over Deipyros's eyes. Menelaus, seeing Deipyros fall, came rushing forward shaking his

sharp spear and uttering threatening words against Helenus. The Trojan hero drew his bow and advanced to meet him; and both were ready for the fight, the one to hurl a lance, the other to let an arrow fly. Priam's royal son let fly his shaft, and whistling like the wind it flew and struck Menelaus in the breast, but bounded from the hollow mail. Then Menelaus hurled his brazen spear, and smote the hand of Helenus which held the polished bow, the weapon passing through the hand. Back he withdrew to the ranks of his comrades, with his hand hanging at his side and dragging the ashen spear after him. Agenor drew the weapon from his hand, and bound up the wound with twisted sheep's wool taken from a sling carried by one of his attendants.

Then Pisander made straight for Menelaus, but an evil fate was leading him to his death. When they were near each other, Menelaus threw his spear but missed his aim, and the Trojan hero was unhurt. Then Pisander

smote the buckler of Menelaus, but could not drive the weapon through, for the wide shield caught it, and the spear was broken in the socket. Menelaus then drew his silver-studded sword and leaped upon Pisander, who from beneath his shield took a brazen battle-axe with a long stem of polished olive wood. Both struck at once; Pisander cut away the helmet cone below the crest; but Menelaus smote Pisander on the forehead just above the nose, crashing through the bones, and the eyes, all bloody, fell at his feet in the dust. Then the Trojan hero bowed and fell; and Menelaus, setting his foot upon his breast, stripped him of his arms and boasted of his conquest.

Then Harpalion, son of king Pylæmenes, came rushing forward to avenge Pisander's death. He struck the shield of Menelaus in the centre with his lance, but could not drive his weapon through its strong folds. As he shrank backward from the attack, Meriones

saw him and let fly a brazen-pointed arrow after him. The arrow was well aimed, and entering his right flank below the bone, passed through a vital part, and brought the hero to the earth steeped in his blood. His friends came rushing forward, and raising him from the ground placed him in a chariot and bore him to the gates of Troy, his father following weeping.

Thus they fought, the Grecian heroes, aided by Neptune, doing many valiant deeds and sending many Trojan warriors to the shades. The sons of Troy, led by the valiant Hector, had also slain many Grecian warriors. All day long they had been slowly gaining in the fight. They had wounded nearly all the leading Grecian heroes and driven them from the field. Only the two Ajaxes still remained to lead the Grecian warriors in the fight.

And now the tide of battle began to turn in favor of the Greeks. The two Ajaxes, rushing to the front, led them forward in the fray

and filled their hearts with valor. Around them gathered the sons of Greece, fighting in close combat, while the Locrians, with their bows and well-twisted strings for throwing stones, lurked unseen in the rear. So with the Greeks fighting in front, and the Locrians sending showers of stones and arrows upon them in the rear, the Trojans fell into disorder and would have fled from the field.

Hector was still fighting where he had first leaped within the gates and walls, and did not know that the Greeks were making such havoc of his men. Polydamus found him and told him of the danger to his troops, and advised him to gather his bravest chiefs around him and come to the rescue. So Hector, calling around him his bravest heroes, led them to the attack, his round shield before him, and his plumed helmet gleaming as he moved.

As he thus came leading his warriors forward, Ajax saw him, and striding forth defied him, saying, "Draw near, for we are not so

inexpert in war though suffering by a cruel fate of Jove. Thou thinkest in thy heart to spoil our ships, but we also have strong hands to drive thee back. The town of Troy will surely be taken by our hands and sacked. And even now the hour is near when thou shalt pray in thy flight to Jove and the other immortal gods that thy steeds may be swifter than falcons to bear thee across the plain to the city."

As he thus spoke, an eagle to the right high in the heavens flew over them. The Greeks all shouted when they saw it, gladdened by the omen. But Hector said, "Ajax, thou blundering boaster, what wild words are these thou dost speak. Would that I were as sure to be the child of Jove forever as I am sure that this day is to bring utter destruction upon the Greeks. And thou shalt be slain with the others and thy body become the prey of dogs, if thou darest stand before my spear."

So speaking, Hector sprang forward to lead the attack. His warriors followed with a mighty shout, while from the rear arose as loud a cry. The Grecian heroes met him with firm ranks, shouting their battle-cry in reply. The mingled clamor of both hosts was so loud that it went up to heaven and to the shining seat of Jove.

So great was the din that it roused old Nestor where he sat in his tent tending the wounded Machaon. Leaving his wounded friend in care of an attendant, Nestor went forth to seek Agamemnon. He met him on his way, and with him Diomed and Ulysses, all of whom had been wounded in the fray. Agamemnon was in sore distress and advised that they should draw their ships down into the sea and make their escape in the darkness of the night.

Ulysses' face grew stern as he heard these words, and he chided the king for his faint heart and cowardly advice. Diomed, the great

warrior, with even braver words, said, "Let us join the battle, wounded as we are, keeping beyond the reach of weapons to cheer on the rest and send them into the contest." To this they all agreed, and putting on their armor they marched to the field with Agamemnon at their head.

And with them went Neptune, the ruler of the sea, in the guise of an aged man. Taking Agamemnon by the hand, he spoke words of cheer to arouse his waning courage, and then, with a mighty shout, he sped across the plain. As loud as ten thousand men in battle-cry when they join in the strife of war, such was the cry that the king of ocean sent forth from his deep lungs. It woke anew a strong resolve in every Grecian heart to combat to the end.

CHAPTER XVI

JUPITER TRICKED BY JUNO

MEANWHILE Juno of the golden throne, looking down from high Olympus, saw Neptune aiding the Greeks, and her heart was full of joy. Looking down on Mount Ida also, she saw Jupiter watching the contest and awarding the glory of the fight to the Trojans. Then the majestic goddess mused how she might occupy the mind of the great king of the gods so that he would forget to watch the contest, while Neptune could lead the Greeks to victory. At last, with artful purpose, she decided to deck herself in her fairest attire and try to captivate his fancy and hold his attention until the Trojans were defeated.

So she went to her bower and anointed her fair limbs with fragrant oil, arranged her

golden tresses in clustering curls about her brow, and threw around her queenly form an ambrosial robe embroidered with forms of rare device. Then she went to Venus and borrowed of her the Cestus which had the power of awakening love. Thus gloriously arrayed, she left her bower and took her way from high Olympus to Mount Ida. Jupiter was so charmed with her beauty that he forgot his anger toward her, and for many hours they sat in pleasant converse, unmindful of the sons of Troy. As they thus talked the goddess Slumber, bribed by Juno, came, and with a gentle influence sealed the eyes of the All-Father in sleep.

Now while he was sleeping Juno sent a messenger to Neptune, telling him that Jupiter was asleep and that he should give the Greeks his earnest aid and let them win the glory of the day. These words inflamed the god's desire to help the Greeks, and he went among them and urged them to renew the fight.

He placed himself at their head and led them to the charge, bearing in his hand a sword of fearful length which flashed like lightning.

Hector saw the Greeks renewing the conflict and rallied his forces to meet them. The two armies flung themselves again at each other with a loud uproar of voices and din of battle strokes. Hector and Ajax met again in combat. Standing face to face, the brave Hector cast his spear at Ajax, striking him where two belts lap over each other on his breast, but did not wound him, so thick and tough were the folds. Vexed that he should have thrown his weapon in vain, Hector retreated toward his comrades, shunning further conflict. As he thus drew back, Ajax picked up a stone and, hurling it at Hector, struck him on the breast, felling him to the earth.

As they saw him fall the Greeks, with a fierce yell, rushed forward to drag him from the field. But the Trojan heroes, Æneas, Polydamus, Sarpedon, and others, gathered

around the fallen hero and protected him with their broad shields. Then his friends lifted him in their arms and bore him to his chariot and sent him toward the city out of the conflict. As they came to the pleasant stream of Zanthus they lifted him from the car, laid him gently upon the ground and poured the cool water upon him, at which his breath and sight returned. He sat up for a moment on his knees, while from his throat the purple blood came forth, and then fell back again to the ground, and darkness veiled his eyes.

When the Greeks saw Hector leave the field they pressed the sons of Troy more hotly than ever. Their onset was so fierce that the Trojans could not resist it, and they fled across the rampart and the trench, where they had left their horses and chariots. As they stood here, pale and trembling, Jupiter awoke from the sleep into which Juno had beguiled him. He rose at once and, looking down to-

ward Troy saw the Trojan hosts routed and Hector lying wounded on the field.

Turning to Juno, who had thus beguiled him, with angry brow and threatening words he gave her a sharp reproof for her treacherous conduct. Juno shuddering at his angry words, denied with a fearful oath that she had sent Neptune to aid the Greeks, and endeavored to soothe the anger of Jove by saying that she would advise her brother to obey the sovereign of the gods. Jupiter, softened by her contrition, bade her to summon Iris and send her to bid Neptune leave the battle and retire to his palace. Neptune received the message with an angry heart; yet he feared the wrath of Jove, and thus withdrew from the Grecian army and plunged into the deep ocean.

Then Jupiter called Apollo and sent him down to the earth to cure Hector of his wound. He came like a swift eagle and found the hero sitting upright and his strength slowly re-

turning. With a magic art he healed his wound, and breathed new strength into his limbs and new courage into his heart. Thus restored the hero sought the field and placed himself again at the head of his warriors, to lead them in the battle.

Now when the Greeks saw Hector return to the contest, their hearts sank within them, for they thought that he had been slain by Ajax. So great was the marvel that they said, "Some god must have raised him up and will assist him in the fight." They felt that they could not fight against the gods, so they suggested that they retreat to their ships while their bravest warriors should protect their rear.

Then all the bravest of the Grecian warriors gathered together and stood in close array to guard against an attack, while the multitude made for the ships. On came Hector leading the Trojan hosts in rapid march. Before him marched Apollo, wrapped in a cloud, and bearing the Ægis in his hand. The

Greeks received the shock and held their ground, while loud yells arose from Greeks and Trojans. The air was filled with flying arrows, and spears were hurled on every side.

At length the Greeks were forced to give way and fled in disorder across the trench and over the ramparts toward their ships. Hector shouted to the Trojans to leave the bloody spoil and hasten on in pursuit. They obeyed his command, and sweeping over the wall and through the passage made for them by Apollo, drove their chariots into the Grecian camp. There they fought beside the galleys, hand to hand, the Trojans in their cars with their spears, and the Greeks from their ships with long poles joined to blades of brass.

Now while the battle was thus raging at the trench, Patroclus sat in the tent of Eurypylus dressing the hero's wound. But when he saw the Trojans bursting over the wall and the Grecians put to rout, he quickly rose, telling Eurypylus that he must leave him and

hasten to Achilles and see if he could not persuade him to forget his anger and go forth to the fight. So saying he ran with all speed to the tent of Achilles.

All this while the battle raged with great fury around the ships. The Trojans were trying to set the vessels on fire and thus destroy them. Hector and Ajax met again, each fighting for the same vessel, one to destroy and the other to protect it. The conflict was exceeding fierce, and for a long time at equal odds; for Ajax could not drive him from the vessel, neither could Hector set fire to the ship.

As they were thus fighting, Caeton, a Trojan, sprang forward with a burning torch in his hand and ran to apply it to the vessel. Ajax saw him and smote him with his spear, so that he fell dead beside the ship. Hector, calling on his comrades to protect the body from being spoiled by the Greeks, hurled his spear at Ajax; he missed his aim but slew a warrior at the hero's side. Ajax saw him fall,

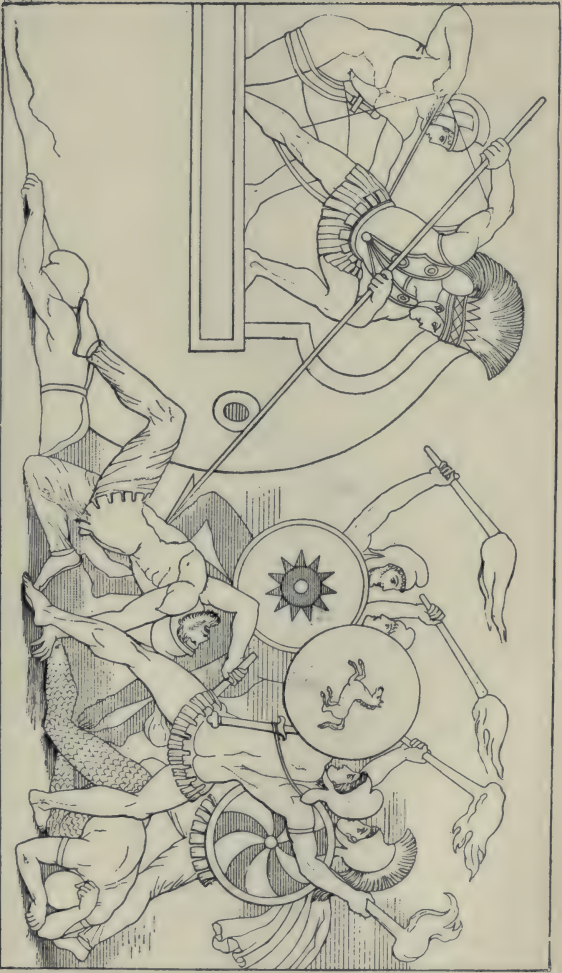
and calling to his brother Teucer, bade him try his bow and arrow on the crowd. His bow was the gift of Apollo, and had sped many an arrow on a mission of death.

Then Teucer took his bow, and laid an arrow on the string, and let it fly among the Trojan host. With wondrous speed it flew, and smote Clitus, the charioteer of Polydamus, in the neck, so that he fell headlong to the earth. Then drawing his bow again he aimed another arrow at Hector; but it was not the will of Jove that he should smite him; so, before he could let it fly, the bow-string broke in his hand and the arrow flew astray. Teucer in surprise let fall his bow, thinking that some god had snapped the string and foiled him in his purpose. Ajax then bade him lay aside his bow, and take his spear and shield and help him defend the ship. He obeyed, and hanging up the bow, he put on his buckler, and seizing a spear sprang forward and stood beside his brother Ajax.

When Hector saw the broken bow-string, and knew that some god had interposed in his behalf, he felt new courage in his heart, and calling out to his warriors, he said, "Come on, ye men of Troy and Lycia, for Jove is with us. Even now he broke the bow of Teucer, the great archer. Whom Jupiter assists prevails, and whom he favors not grows weak. Come on and press closely around the fleet; for though any of you may fall, it is no inglorious fate to fall fighting for his country."

Ajax heard these words of Hector rousing the Trojans to the conflict, and calling out to his warriors, he said, "Shame on you, Greeks; we shall perish here unless we rescue with strong arms our hosts and fleet. Naught is left for us but to close with the foe, for if our ships are burned we can never reach our homes again."

Thus encouraged on both sides, the battle grew fiercer than before. Jove seemed to nerve the limbs of the Trojans with new



AJAX DEFENDING THE GREEK SHIPS AGAINST THE TROJANS

vigor, and with furious shouts they pressed upon the foe. Hector went ranging through the field as fierce as Mars and rushed upon the Greeks like a ruinous fire that rages on the hills. His lips were white with foam, his eyes gleamed beneath his frowning brows, and around his temple, as he fought, his helmet shook terribly. The Greeks awhile stood firm like a strong rock that withstands the swelling waves of ocean; but Hector, in a blaze of armor, leaped upon them as a great wave flings itself upon a swift ship and overwhelms it, or like a fierce lion on a herd of kine that makes a prey of one and scatters all the rest in fright. So were the Greeks scattered and slain by the valiant Hector and his hosts.

So fierce was the onset of the Trojan hosts that the Greeks were in despair, believing their hour to perish had now come. They fled in haste from the first row of galleys, followed by the Trojans in swift pursuit. Again the Greeks fell back and stood beside their

tents, shouting to each other to stand and fight bravely.

Hector leaped upon the throng, and pressing forward caught hold of the stern of one of the Grecian galleys. Around this ship the Greeks and Trojans rushed and fought with sword and spear and battle-axe, and many heroes fell, and the black earth ran with blood. Hector kept fast hold to the galley's stern, and shouted to his men to bring fire to burn the ships, saying, "Jove hath given us the victory at last."

Roused by these cheering words, his warriors gathered around him, and with a fiercer valor fell upon the Greeks. Ajax could no longer stand their onset, and, fearing to be slain amid the storm of darts, he left the deck and retreated to the rowers' bench. There he stood watching the assailants and beating back with thrusts of his long spear whoever sought to set the ships on fire. With terrific shouts he called upon the Greeks to battle manfully

and not give up the fight. "O friends and Grecian heroes," he said, "play the man to-day and be mindful of your fame for valor. Think not there are any allies at our backs, or any wall that may protect us. Between the sea and the country of the well-armed Trojans lie our tents; our native land is far away, and now our only hope of safety left is in our weapons. There is no retreat."

So spake he, and mightily with his sharp spear he thrust at whoever of the men of Troy came at Hector's bidding with blazing torch to set the ship on fire. On the blade of his long spear the hero took them as they came, until a dozen Trojan heroes fell around the ship.

CHAPTER XVII

THE DEATH OF PATROCLUS

NOW while this struggle at the galleys was going on, Patroclus reached the tent of Achilles and stood beside him weeping bitterly. Achilles saw him and in pity for his grief asked him why he was weeping like a child. "Dost thou bring sad tidings to my soldiers or to me," he said, "or hast thou evil news from Phthia? Or art thou weeping for the Greeks because they perish for their folly? Speak and hide nothing from me, for I would know it all."

Patroclus replied, telling him of the woes of the Greeks, that all their great chiefs were wounded, and that he was still sitting here implacable. "Now," he said, "if you will not go to battle, fearing the warning of some god, let me go leading your warriors and wearing

your armor, and the Trojans, thinking that it is Achilles, will flee from the contest."

Achilles answered that it was not the warning of any god that kept him from the fray, but the deep wrong that he had received from Agamemnon. "But," he said, "let that affront now be numbered with the things of the past. I have said, however, that I would not join the contest until the battle reached the fleet. But you may go and put on my armor and lead my soldiers, the Myrmidons, to the fight, and rescue the ships from the foe."

Thus Achilles gave his consent to Patroclus to lead his warriors to the aid of the Greeks. He also spoke to urge him on by telling him that he would win great renown, and that then they would bring the beautiful maiden back to him with many princely gifts. He commanded him, however, not to push the battle beyond the ships, lest he deprive himself of the glory, nor to go too near the walls

of Troy, lest one of the gods meet him and do him harm.

While they were thus preparing to aid the Greeks, Ajax was so sorely pressed that he could hold out no longer. The swords and javelins of the Trojans fell thick upon him, his arm was weary with the great shield it bore, his breath came short and quick, and great drops of sweat fell from his face to the ground. Hector, seeing his strength so nearly spent, sprang forward and smote his spear with a sword so that the head fell off and flew far away, ringing upon the ground. Then Ajax, unable to defend himself any longer, withdrew beyond the reach of the spears, and the men of Troy flung burning torches into the ships and a great blaze shot up to the sky.

Achilles saw the flame shoot up, and, smiting his thigh, called out to Patroclus, saying, "Haste thee, Patroclus, for I see the fire rising up from the ships. Up then, lest they take the ships and there be no more retreat. Put

on my armor quickly, while I go call my people to the war.”

So Patroclus hurried on the shining armor of Achilles, slung over his shoulder the silver-studded sword, and took two massive spears in his hand. He then called Automedon, a valiant warrior, and bade him yoke the horses to the car. Automedon led forth the two deathless steeds, Bayard and Piebald, whose speed was like the wind, and by their side fastened Pedasus, a noble steed of mortal birth.

Meanwhile Achilles hastened from tent to tent, calling the Myrmidons, for so his soldiers were named, to battle. He had brought fifty ships to Troy and in each ship were fifty soldiers. Over these he had placed five commanders, men of noble birth, the bravest of the five being Pisander, for no one could wield the spear like him, except Achilles himself.

Standing among these warriors as they made

ready for battle, Achilles addressed them, saying, "Forget not now the threats ye have uttered against Troy since first my wrath begun. You have blamed me for keeping you from the battle against your will, now let him whose heart is valiant meet the Trojans fearlessly."

These words filled their hearts with courage, and they hastened to put themselves in battle array. Helmet to helmet, shield to shield, and man to man they stood, close as the stones with which a builder makes a wall, and thus they began their march. At their head went the two heroes, Patroclus and Automedon, moved by the single thought of fighting in the van and putting the enemies of Greece to rout.

As they marched away, Achilles entered his tent and, opening a chest which his mother Thetis had given him, took from it a richly-chased goblet from which no lip but his might drink, and no libation could be poured

to any god but Jove. He cleansed the cup with sulphur, and then with water from the spring, after which he washed his hands and, standing in the midst of the space before his tent, he poured out wine to Jove and with his eyes turned heavenward prayed :

“O Jove! thou who hast once heard my prayer and honored me, I send my comrade to this battle. Make him strong and bold, and give him the victory. And when he shall have beaten back the assailants from the ships, let him return unharmed to me with all his valiant men.”

So he prayed, and Jupiter, the great Disposer, heard him; and part of the prayer he granted and part of it he denied, as will be seen. Then Achilles went into his tent again, and replaced the goblet in the chest, and coming forth he stood at the entrance to witness the terrible encounter of the two armies.

Patroclus and his warriors quickly reached the place where the battle was raging around

the ships. When the men of Troy saw him in the splendid armor, they thought it was Achilles, who, forgetting his wrath, had come forth to aid the Grecians in the contest. At the sight their hearts grew faint, for they knew his prowess, and they looked around to see how they were to escape.

Coming close to the Trojans, Patroclus lifted one of his mighty spears and hurled it into the crowd, smiting Pyræchmes through the right shoulder, who fell groaning to the earth. His band of warriors were panic-stricken as they saw their leader fall, and fled from the ship, and the blazing fire was quenched. Then on from ship to ship Patroclus led his Myrmidons, driving the Trojans before them and slaying many of them as they fled.

Hector saw his warriors being driven from the ships, but still he lingered to save those that had not fled. Around him hissed the darts and flashed the spears, yet, expert in

battle, he kept his bull's-hide shield before his breast and escaped unhurt. Ajax rushed upon him to strike him with his spear, but Hector, with a skillful use of his shield, gave him no chance. At last the Trojans were forced back to the trench, in which many of their chariots were broken as they attempted to cross it. The swift steeds of Hector bore him safely over it, but many a chief fell beneath his own car and was mangled and crushed to death.

Patroclus and his warriors came rushing after the routed Trojans as they fled. With one great stride the swift horses of Achilles leaped the trench, and on they flew in hot pursuit. Patroclus longed to meet and smite the valiant Hector, but he could not overtake him in his flight. Then he turned his horses back, and in the area bounded by the sea and wall he chased and smote the Trojan forces, taking a fearful vengeance on his foes.

Now when Sarpedon saw his Lycian forces

dismayed and put to flight, he called to them to take courage and he would meet the great warrior who had made such havoc with their squadrons. So he leaped down from his chariot, and as Patroclus saw him he also sprang from his chariot and went forward to meet him. With furious shouts they rushed at each other as two eagles in some tall mountain rock rush screaming into combat.

Jupiter, who had been watching the fight, saw them as they were about to engage in combat, and knowing that his son Sarpedon was doomed to fall by the hand of Patroclus, his heart was touched with pity. Turning to Juno, his sister and his spouse, he said, "Woe is me that it is fated that Sarpedon, dearest to me of men, is to fall by the hand of Patroclus. And now I halt between two purposes whether to bear him from this fatal fight or let him perish as decreed by fate."

Juno, in awe of his intent, advised him not to interfere with fate, for the other gods would

not approve the act. "If he is so dear to thee," she said, "command Death and gentle Sleep to bear his body hence to Lycia, where his friends may give him fitting burial."

Jupiter could not disregard her words, for even the king of gods and men dared not interfere with the decrees of fate. But to show his sorrow for the coming death of his son and do him honor, he caused bloody drops of dew to fall upon the earth.

As the warriors drew near each other, Patroclus slew the noble Thrasymelus, who had been Sarpedon's comrade in the war. Then Sarpedon threw his shining spear at Patroclus, but missed his mark and struck the courser Pedasus, which fell with a groan to the ground and moaned its life away. The other horses reared in fright and sprang apart, and the reins became entangled and were useless. But Automedon drew his sword and, leaping forth, cut the fallen horse loose from its fellows, when the pair righted themselves and stood again obedient to the reins.

Sarpedon then hurled another spear, but all in vain, for it went over the left shoulder of Patroclus and struck the ground beyond. Then Patroclus cast his great spear at Sarpedon with so true an aim that it pierced him through the breast. As falls an oak or pine before the woodman's axe on the lone mountain, so fell Sarpedon moaning aloud and clutching the bloody dust.

As he fell he called out to his companion Glaucus to go call the Lycian chiefs to come and fight for his body, saying, "It would be a shame for thee all thy days if the Greeks should spoil me of my arms." As he thus spoke darkness came over his eyes; and Patroclus, setting his foot upon his breast, drew forth the spear, while the Myrmidons held his panting steeds eager to fly from the field.

The grief of Glaucus, as he heard his comrade's voice, was very great, for the wound he had received from Teucer was so severe that he could not aid him. In his strait he

prayed to Apollo to heal his wound and give him strength. The archer god heard his prayer and healed his wound and filled his heart with courage. Then he hastened to the Lycian chiefs and called them to come and fight for their king who had been slain by Patroclus. Then on he passed to the Trojan ranks and asked them also to come and save the body of Sarpedon.

The Trojans, led by Hector, when they heard that Sarpedon had fallen, rushed fiercely on the Greeks and drove them from the body; but rallying in turn they drove the Trojans back. So the battle raged, back and forth, till no one could have known the great Sarpedon, so covered was he with spears and blood and dust. At last the Greeks were victors of the day, and put the men of Troy to flight.

Then they stripped the body of its arms and started to carry it to the ships. But Jove would not have the body of his son dishonored, so at his bidding Apollo seized it, and bearing

it from their midst washed it with water, and anointed it with ambrosia, and wrapped it in the garments of the gods. Then he gave it to the twin brothers, Sleep and Death, who carried it to the hero's home in Lycia. There his kinsmen gave it proper burial rites and reared a column in memory of their chief.

Then Patroclus, in his hour of triumph, forgot the advice of Achilles not to go near Troy, but started in pursuit of the Trojans, chasing them to the city's wall. So fierce was his onset that the city must have fallen had not Apollo stood on a strong tower and given his aid to the Trojans. Three times Patroclus mounted an angle of the wall, and three times did Apollo, smiting his shield with his hands, push him back. At the fourth time the god warned him, saying, "Go back, Patroclus; it is not for thee to take the city of Troy, nor even for Achilles, who is far mightier than thou."

Patroclus knew the voice, and fearing the

wrath of the archer god, withdrew from the city. Then Hector, whose spirit had been stirred by Apollo, started forth in swift pursuit of Patroclus to try to slay him on the field. Patroclus saw him coming, and as he drew near leaped from his car to meet him. In his left hand he held a spear, and picking up a great stone with the other, flung it with all his force at Hector. He missed his aim, but struck Cebriones, Hector's charioteer, crushing his forehead, so that he fell headlong from the car.

With mocking words Patroclus then sprang upon Cebriones to spoil him of his arms. Hector also left his car and fought for the body of his fallen comrade. Like two lions fighting for a hind, so did these two warriors fight, each trying to smite his foe with his brazen spear. Hector seized the body by the head and Patroclus grasped it by the foot, but neither one could drag it from the field. Around the corpse the warriors flocked, and

the battle became general, many in both armies being slain. At length the Greeks prevailed, and they drew the body forth and stripped it of its arms.

Encouraged by this success, Patroclus rushed with still greater fury at the Trojans. Three times he had rushed, each time laying nine warriors in the dust. But Apollo could not see the Trojan heroes thus destroyed. At the fourth assault the archer god, wrapped in a cloud, came close behind, and with his hand smote Patroclus so severe a blow that his eyes were blinded for a moment and his helmet fell upon the ground. His spear was also broken, his shield struck from his hand, and his corselet loosened from his neck.

With his mind bewildered, and with powerless limbs, he stood as one amazed. Then Euphorbus, a noted spearman, smote him in the back with his spear between the shoulder-blades. Patroclus, sorely wounded, turned to flee for shelter in the Grecian ranks. Hec-

tor, seeing the gallant Greek thus wounded and retreating, came quickly forward and smote him with his spear below the belt, driving his weapon deep. The hero fell with clashing mail; and all the Greeks beheld his fall with sorrow.

Then Hector, proud to strike down one who had slain so many of his men, stood over him and cried, "Patroclus, thou didst think to spoil our city and carry off our women captive in thy ships to Greece. Achilles, mighty though he be, cannot help thee—Achilles, who bade thee strip the armor from my breast, and filled with idle hopes thy foolish heart."

The wounded hero heard these taunting words, and with weak and faltering voice replied, "Hector, thou canst now make thy boast, since Jove and Apollo have given thee the victory. It was they who stripped the armor from my limbs; for had twenty such as thou met me I would have slain them all. A cruel fate overtakes me; but death

and fate are close to thee by the hand of Achilles."

As he thus spoke death came over him and stilled his voice; and his heroic soul, sorrowing for its sad lot, forsook his body and passed away to the land of silence. Hector answered the dying chief, saying, "Wherefore do you threaten me, Patroclus, with an early death? Who knows but that the great Achilles may first be smitten by my spear, and lose his life."

So speaking, Hector set his heel upon the body, and drew the spear from the wound; and then, pushing the corpse aside, hurried on with intent to slay Automedon, the charioteer of Patroclus; but the swift-footed horses of Achilles bore him from the battle, and he escaped toward the fleet.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE ROUSING OF ACHILLES

AND now the battle fiercely raged around the body of Patroclus. Many heroes joined in single combat, and many fell on either side. Around the body walked Menelaus, holding his spear and great round shield, intent to slay whoever came against him. Euphorbus, who had wounded Patroclus, drew near, hoping to spoil the body of its arms.

Menelaus warned the Trojan hero to withdraw or be slain, as was his brother, by Menelaus' spear. Euphorbus replied that he would now revenge himself upon Menelaus for his brother's death. So saying he hurled his spear at Menelaus and struck the hero's shield, but the thick metal turned the weapon's point and stopped its force. As Euphorbus

then stepped backward, Menelaus drove his spear with a strong hand through the Trojan's neck, and he fell with clashing arms, his locks, as fair as those the Graces wear, being drenched with blood.

Menelaus would have spoiled him of his arms, but Apollo, standing unseen by Hector's side, whispered to him that Euphorbus was slain. Glancing along the ranks, Hector saw the body of his comrade lying upon the ground and the Grecian hero bending over him to strip off his armor. At once he made his way to the front rank, shouting with a loud voice. Menelaus heard the shout and, rising from the body, stood for a moment in thought whether to stay and try his strength with Hector, or go and seek some one to assist him in guarding the body of Patroclus. As he stood thus in doubt, on came the sons of Troy with Hector at their head looking as fierce as Mars. Menelaus dared not stay to meet him, and left the slain and went to seek the valiant

Ajax. He found him on the left rallying the troops, which had been thrown into a panic by Apollo, and urged him to hasten back with him to protect the body of Patroclus.

Meanwhile Hector stripped off the armor of Patroclus, the armor which the great Achilles had given him to wear, and gave it to a comrade to carry to the city. He then seized the body and was dragging it away, intending to cut off the head and give the carcass to the dogs of Troy. But before he could accomplish his purpose, Ajax and Menelaus came rushing upon him, and Hector, dropping the body, leaped into his car and mingled with the Trojan ranks.

Glaucus, one of the Lycian chiefs, seeing that Hector avoided a contest with Ajax, said to him in taunting words, "It is a shame that you dare not stand against Ajax, for if you had stood and carried off the body of Patroclus, we might have made an exchange with the Greeks for Sarpedon and his arms. But

now it cannot be since you are afraid of Ajax and flee before him. For this, if any of the Lycians heed my words, they will go home and fight for Troy no longer."

These words stung the noble Hector to the heart, and he replied, "Glaucus, why should such a warrior as you are utter such violent words. I deemed thee wise above thy fellows, but now I blame thy judgment when thou sayest I am afraid of Ajax. I fear not Ajax nor any other man, for Jove gives the victory now to one man and now to another. But come and stand by me and see whether I am a coward or not."

So speaking he withdrew from the ranks and went to get the armor of Patroclus, which he had given to a comrade to bear to the city. Overtaking him, he quickly put on this armor, the glorious armor of Achilles, and started to return to the conflict. The armor suited Hector's form and made him seem almost like Achilles himself, as he went shouting among

his troops and leading them forward into the fight.

As the All-Father, looking down from Ida's heights, saw him thus arrayed in the arms of the Grecian hero, he shook his head, and said to himself, "Ah, hapless man, death is even now near to thee, and yet is not in thy thoughts. Thou hast slain the brave and gentle friend of Achilles, and now dost put on the heavenly armor of that peerless chief. But though I will for a time give thee fresh triumphs, yet thou shalt never bear that armor home to thy loving wife." So speaking, Jupiter gave the solemn nod with his dark brows.

Then Hector called aloud to his forces to rally around him and join the fight around the body of Patroclus. "Now is the time," he said, "to do or die, for such is the chance of war. To him who from the field will drag the body of Patroclus I will award half the spoils, keeping the other half myself, so that his glory shall be as great as mine."

So spake the hero, and with lifted lances they threw themselves against the Grecian ranks, charging with all their might, hoping to drag the body of Patroclus from the field. The conflict raged with undiminished fury, neither side being willing to yield to the other. The Greeks said to one another that "It were better that the earth should yawn and swallow us alive than that the men of Troy should carry off the body of Patroclus to their city." And the Trojans said, "Now if we must all fall by the body of Patroclus, be it so, but we will not yield."

Now Hippothous, a Trojan warrior, came rushing forward, and binding a strap around the ankle of Patroclus, attempted to drag the body from the field. Ajax saw him, and pressing through the throng smote him through his helmet's brazen cheek, so that, dropping the foot, he fell headlong beside the corpse of Patroclus. Hector in turn hurled his spear at Ajax, who saw it as it came



THE FIGHT FOR THE BODY OF PATROCLUS

and scarce avoided it. The weapon struck Schedius beneath the collar bone and pierced him through, the brazen point coming out of the shoulder. Headlong upon the ground he fell, his armor clashing all about him. Then Ajax in return smote the valiant Phorcys through the body, tearing into his vitals, so that he fell into the dust and clenched the earth with his dying hands. At the dreadful sight the foremost of the Trojan ranks yielded the ground, while the Greeks, with fearful shouts, dragged off the bodies of Hippothous and Phorcys and spoiled them of their arms.

And so the battle raged for many an hour, now one side falling back a space and now the other. So many heroes fell in the bitter strife that their names cannot be told. Hector and Æneas led the Trojans on and slew with their own spears many a Grecian foe. Ajax moved among his warriors, charging them that none should leave the corpse and none should step beyond the dead to strike the foe, but stay to

guard the body and combat hand to hand. His own good spear laid many a Trojan hero low. Thus did they fight like a consuming fire. The sun and moon were darkened, the ground was heaped with the slain, and the earth ran red with blood.

During all this time the horses of Achilles, who had borne Patroclus to the field, stood apart and looked upon the battle. Being of immortal birth they had feelings like mankind, and in sorrow for Patroclus they wept. Automedon, their driver, could not move them either with the lash or with gentle words or with threats. They would not return to the ships, neither would they go into the battle, but stood with their heads bowed, the tears dropping to the earth and their long manes trailing in the dust.

Jove looked down upon them, and in pity for their grief said, "It was not well that we gave you to a mortal man while ye are deathless and ever young. For there is nothing more

piteous than a man among all things that live and creep upon the earth." He then gave them the assurance that they should never bear Hector in their sumptuous car, saying that it was enough for him to have the armor of Achilles.

The fleet horses of Achilles, thus comforted by Jove, raised their heads, shook from their manes the dust, and flew with swift speed among the Greeks and Trojans. So fleet of foot they were that Automedon could not guide their course and use his spear, so he called Alcimedon to mount the car and curb the spirits of the immortal steeds while he descended to fight on foot.

Alcimedon heard his call and sprang in the chariot and quickly took the reins and lash in his hands, while Automedon leaped down to fight on foot. Hector espied them, and, calling Æneas to his aid, went forward to attack them. By their side went also Chromius and Aretus, all hoping to capture the immortal

steeds of Achilles and lead them away to Troy. Automedon saw them coming and told Alcimedon to keep the horses near him so that he might feel their breath upon his back, while he was fighting to protect them from the foe.

Lifting his spear, Automedon smote the round shield of Aretus, the blade piercing him through the leathern belt. Hector aimed his shining spear at Automedon, but the Greek stooped down and the weapon passed above his head and stood quivering in the ground beyond. Then the two warriors would have rushed at each other hand to hand, but the two Ajax warriors, hastening at the call of their companion, came rushing through the crowd, and the fight was stayed. Hector, Æneas, and Chromius withdrew through caution, leaving Aretus mangled on the field.

Around the body of Patroclus the battle was still raging. And now the Trojans, aided by Jove, seemed to be gaining in the fight. Jove

had covered Ida with a cloud and sent his lightnings down and shrouded the Greeks in darkness. Ajax, seeing that Jove was against them, in bitter sorrow prayed to him to drive away the darkness in which he had enveloped the Grecian hosts. "Destroy us, if thou wilt," he said, "but, oh! destroy us in the light of day." Jove saw his grief and pitied him, and swept away the cloud so that the battle lay again in the light.

Then Ajax said to Menelaus, "Go quickly and see if you can find Antilochus, that he may bear the tidings to Achilles that Patroclus is slain." Menelaus, searching through the hosts, found Antilochus fighting on the left of the battle, and told him that Patroclus was dead, and that he should go and inform Achilles, that he might come and help save the body of his friend.

Antilochus was horror-struck when he heard of the death of Patroclus; his eyes were filled with tears and his voice was choked so that he

could hardly speak. Quickly laying off his armor, he ran to bear the bitter tidings to Achilles, while Menelaus hastened back to Ajax to see if they could devise some means by which they could bear away the body of Patroclus, for it was doubtful whether Achilles would come to their aid, as he had no armor to wear.

Ajax suggested that Menelaus and Meriones should run forward and seize the body in their arms, while he and the lesser Ajax would follow them and beat back the men of Troy. So Menelaus and Meriones ran forward and lifted up the body and started with it for the ships. The Trojans, as they saw it, rushed forward with a great shout, like dogs in chase of a wild boar, halting and moving backward whenever the two Ajaxes turned upon them to give them battle. Thus the two warriors, the greater and the lesser Ajax, held in check the Trojans while the body was slowly borne from the field toward the galleys.

In the meantime Antilochus came to Achilles, whom he found before his galleys in deep thought, for he had seen the defeat of the Greeks. Antilochus drew near and told him that he was the bearer of bitter tidings, for "Patroclus is slain, and Hector hath seized his armor, and over his dead body the hosts are now fighting."

As he heard these words, a black cloud of sorrow came over the chieftain's heart. Grasping in his hands the dust of the plain, he poured it on his head and, tearing his hair, threw himself prostrate upon the ground. All the maidens whom he and Patroclus had captured, hearing his grief, came forth, and thronging around him smote their breasts and wept aloud. Antilochus, also bathed in tears, held the hands of Achilles, fearing that he might slay himself in his bitter grief.

His cries were so loud that they reached the ear of his mother Thetis, who was sitting in the depths of the sea beside her ancient

sire. Swiftly she left the ocean cave and hastened to her son; and tenderly laying her hand upon his head she inquired the cause of his great grief. With sighs and tears he told her that his friend Patroclus was slain, and that Hector had the armor which he had given Patroclus to wear to the battle. "And now," he said, "I care not to live, except I can avenge me on Hector."

Thetis, mingling her tears with his, said to him, "Speak not thus, my son, for when Hector dies thy doom is also near." This she said, for the immortals can read the book of fate and know the things that are to be; and Thetis knew that Achilles would not long survive Hector.

Achilles answered, "Would that I might die this hour, since I could not save my friend. As for my fate let it come when it may, so that I first avenge myself on Hector. Therefore, seek not to hold me from the battle, in thy love, for that were vain."

Moved with sorrow for his grief, she could not withhold her consent to his request to go forth to the battle. She told him, however, that since Hector had his armor he would have to wait until he could obtain a new one. "Go not to the battle-field," she said, "until thine eyes shall look upon me again. I will come to-morrow with the sun and bring a suit of armor for thee made by the royal hand of Vulcan."

Then turning to her sisters of the sea, who had accompanied her, she bade them to return to the bosom of the deep, while she went to Olympus to solicit Vulcan to prepare a suit of armor for her son. The silver-footed goddess then started for Olympus, hoping to obtain a new suit of armor for Achilles.

During this time the Greeks were slowly bearing the body of Patroclus from the field. The men of Troy pressed them so hard that the two heroes Ajax could no longer keep them back from the body. Hector seized it

and would have borne it back to Troy had not Iris, sent by Juno, come to Achilles to urge him to arouse himself for the rescue of Patroclus. "Arouse thyself," she said, "or Hector will hew the head from the tender neck and fix it on a stake."

Achilles replied that it was impossible for him to go forth to the war since Hector had his armor; and he had promised his mother Thetis that he would put on no armor until he should see her face again.

Iris answered, saying, she knew they had his glorious armor, and that he could not enter the battle without one; but if he would go to the trench and show himself to the men of Troy, perhaps they would be smitten with fear and flee from the contest, and thus the Grecian warriors would have a brief respite from the stress of war.

Achilles saw that her suggestion was wise, and willingly he followed it, for he longed to wreak his vengeance on the sons of Troy. As

he rose to go, Pallas threw her ægis about his mighty shoulders, and put a golden halo about his head, so that it shone like a flame of fire. Thus arrayed, he went and stood beside the trench, not mingling with the Greeks, but heeding thus his mother's wise command. Standing where he could be seen, he shouted aloud, while Pallas from the hosts shouted in reply.

The men of Troy heard the shouting and were stricken with fear. Even their steeds trembled and turned backward with their chariots. The charioteers, seeing the terrible flame that shone upon the brow of Achilles, were struck with a panic and fled in wild disorder from the field. Many of their bravest chiefs fell entangled in their chariots and transfixed by their own spears or trampled by their steeds.

The Greeks then bore the body of Patroclus from the field with great haste. They placed him on a bier and carried him toward the tent of Achilles, who walked beside it shedding

bitter tears, and mourning for his comrade whom he had sent to battle with his steeds and car, and who was now being borne back mangled with many wounds.

And now the night coming on, the contest ceased. The Trojans unharnessed their fleet steeds from their cars, and held an assembly, all their warriors standing, for no one dared to sit lest Achilles should come rushing upon them. Polydamus, one of their wisest and most prudent warriors, advised that they withdraw within the walls of the city, for to-morrow Achilles would come against them and they would not be able to resist his prowess. "The walls of the city," he said, "are high, and the gates are strong, and he will perish before he can pass them."

This advice, so wise and prudent, did not please the fiery spirit of Hector. He replied that he thought it was not best to shut themselves up in the city where their goods were already wasted and where there was but little

meat for the people. "Let us watch to-night," he said, "and to-morrow we will fight again with the Greeks. If Achilles shall come forth from his tent, let him come. I will not refuse to meet him, for the chance of war is equal, and fate gives the victory now to one man and now to another."

At these brave words of their noble leader all the people, with foolish pride, joined in loud applause. Little did they know what sad events the morrow would bring forth. Then they took their evening meal and lay down to rest for the morrow's eventful day.

CHAPTER XIX

ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON RECONCILED

ALL night long the Grecian heroes mourned the death of Patroclus. Achilles, standing among his Myrmidons, wept louder than they all, saying, "Vain is my promise to the father of Patroclus that I would bring back his son from Troy." Then in fierce grief he made a vow that he would not bury his friend until he could bring the head and arms of Hector, and twelve men of Troy to slay at his funeral pile.

Then they began to prepare the body of Patroclus for the funeral rites. They washed away the blood and dust and anointed it with oil, pouring ointment into the wounds, and then laid it on a couch, with fine linen spread over it, throwing over all a snow-white mantle. All through the long hours of the night

the voice of weeping was heard, Achilles mourning for his friend, and the Myrmidons sorrowing in sympathy with their chief.

Meanwhile the silver-footed Thetis came to the halls of Vulcan, the divine artificer. She found him busy at his forge, fashioning tripods mounted on wheels of gold, which could roll of their own accord wherever they wished, a marvel to behold. His wife, whose name was Charis, noted for her beauty, came forward, and, taking Thetis by the hand, bade her welcome, and placed her on a sumptuous throne all studded over with stars of silver.

Then she called her husband, who was still working at his forge, telling him that Thetis had come and had need of him. Vulcan replied that Thetis was very dear to him, for she had saved his life when his mother would have put him away because he was born lame. So dropping his work he came limping from the forge, and taking the goddess by the hands asked her what she desired him to do for her.

Thetis then told him of her son Achilles, and of the wrong that had been done to him, and how his friend Patroclus had been killed, and the arms which he wore—the arms of Achilles—had been taken by Hector. “And now I come,” she said, “to ask for my son, who I know is soon to die, a helm and buckler like the one he lost.”

Vulcan, the divine artificer, replied in gentle words to soothe her grief, saying, “Be of good cheer, and take no further thought of this, for I will make you what you ask.” Then thinking of the hero’s fate, which all the gods seemed to know, he said, “Would that I could as easily keep him from the doom of death as I can make for him an armor so beautiful that every one who sees it will admire it and marvel.”

So speaking, he withdrew to his workshop and began his work. And first he set twenty bellows going, breathing their breath into the furnaces. Then upon the fire he laid brass

and tin and gold and silver; and placing his huge anvil on its block, he took his ponderous sledge in one hand and his pincers in the other, and began his work.

And first of all he made a mighty shield, divinely wrought in every part. On it he wrought, with passing skill, the earth and sky and sea, the sun and moon and all the stars. He wrought also two fair cities full of men, one gay with marriages and feasts, the other filled with strife and war. In the first there was a bride led to her home with music and dancing, and the women standing in the doors to see the show; about the other city there sat an army besieging it, while the men of the city stood upon the wall defending it.

Also he wrought upon the shield a field where men drove the plow, and another where they reaped the corn, and boys gathering it in their arms to bind into sheaves; also a vineyard in which was a path, and youths and maidens bearing baskets of grapes, and in the

midst a boy playing upon a harp and singing a pleasant song. He made also a herd of oxen going from their stables to the pastures, and herdsmen and dogs, and in the front two lions, which had caught a mighty bull and were devouring it, while the dogs stood far off and barked. Also he made a sheepfold, and a marvelous dance of men and maidens, the maidens having coronets of gold, and the men daggers of gold hanging from belts of silver. Last of all he wrought around the border of the shield the great river called Ocean.

When the shield was finished, he made also a corselet brighter than fire, and a helmet with a crest of gold enchased with rare designs, and also strong greaves of tin. When the great artificer had completed his task, he brought the armor and laid it at the feet of Thetis. Taking it up, she quickly, like a falcon in its flight, bore it from high Olympus toward the earth.

She reached the fleet at early dawn, and

brought the arms and laid them at the feet of Achilles, who was still weeping for his friend. As they touched the earth they rattled so loud that the Myrmidons were startled at the sound; but when Achilles saw them his eyes flashed with fire and his heart beat high with joy. He lifted them from the earth, and gazed delighted at the marvelous workmanship, saying that these arms were surely the work of immortal hands.

Then Achilles said to Thetis that he would like to get ready for the battle, but he feared to leave the body of Patroclus lest the flies breed worms therein and his flesh decay. But Thetis answered, "Have no care for this, for I will ward from him all harm, so that should he lie a year his flesh shall still be sound." Thus saying she infused ambrosia and nectar through his nostrils into his frame that his flesh might not decay.

Then Achilles, leaving the body of Patroclus in care of Thetis, went along the shore,

and with a loud voice called the Greeks to an assembly. All the heroes, even those who were wont to remain at the ships, came at his call. When the assembly was gathered, Achilles stood up in their midst, saying that he had put away his wrath and was now ready to go forth with them to the battle.

Agamemnon, in response, said that he repented of the wrong he had done, and would give to Achilles all that Ulysses had promised on his behalf. Achilles accepted his offer, and would have led the Greeks to battle immediately, so impatient was he for the fray, but Ulysses advised delay, saying that it was not well that they should go to the fight fainting, as they had not yet had their morning meal.

Then Agamemnon sent to the tents of Achilles all the rich gifts that he had promised him, and with them the fair maid Briseis, beautiful as Venus. When she reached the tent, and saw Patroclus lying gashed with

wounds, she threw herself upon the body, beating her breast and face and delicate neck, and wailing aloud ; for he had ever been gentle and kind to her. And all the other maidens wept with her, thinking each of her own sorrows.

The chiefs then besought Achilles to join in banquet with them ; but he declined, as his spirit was still weighed down with grief, and he had made a vow not to eat or drink until he had vengeance for the dead.

Jupiter had not been unobservant of all these events. He now bade Pallas to go where Achilles sat by his ships lamenting, and refresh him with nectar and ambrosial sweets, that hunger might not destroy his valor. The goddess, eager to do the errand, came plunging down on broad wings to the Grecian camp. Finding Achilles, she infused into the hero's frame the food and drink of the immortal gods, and then quickly rose again to the palace of almighty Jove.

With his limbs thus strengthened, Achilles rose to array himself in the armor which his mother had brought him. He clasped about his legs the beautiful greaves with silver fastenings, fitted the corselet to his bosom, and from his shoulder hung the brazen sword with silver studs, and then took up his shield, which flashed like the disk of the moon. Next he tried the new arms to see if they were well suited to his shape, and found they gave his limbs free play. His father's spear he then drew from its ancestral sheath, a spear so large that no one else of all the Grecian hosts could wield it.

Meanwhile Automedon and Alcimus had been yoking his immortal steeds to his firm-built chariot. Then Automedon, taking into his hand the showy lash, leaped into the seat; while behind him, thus equipped for war, Achilles mounted, in a blaze of arms that dazzled like the sun. Then speaking to his steeds in gentle words, he said, "Take heed,

Bayard and Piebald, that you save your master to-day, nor leave him dead upon the field as you left Patroclus."

Swift-footed Bayard, to whom Juno gave the power of speech, replied, "Surely we will bear thee safe to-day, great Achilles; yet for all that thy doom is near, nor are we the cause, but the gods and overmastering fate. Nor was it our fault that Patroclus died, but Apollo slew him, and gave the glory to Hector. So shalt thou also die by the hands of a god and a mortal man."

Achilles replied, with troubled heart, "Bayard, why dost thou foretell my doom? It is not needed, for well I know that I shall perish here far away from my father and my mother. Yet will I not cease to fight until I have made the Trojans sick of war."

Then with a mighty shout he drove his swift steeds toward the field of battle; while opposite upon a height that rose around the plain the Trojans waited to receive the attack.

CHAPTER XX

THE BATTLE AT THE RIVER

AND now as the crisis of the war drew near, Jupiter called all the gods to council on high Olympus. When they were assembled he addressed them, saying that they might now all join in the war, aiding Trojans or Greeks, as they wished, while he would sit on high Olympus and look calmly on the conflict.

The gods were pleased with this permission, and went immediately forth to mingle in the war on different sides, as they desired—Juno, the heavenly queen, Pallas, the warlike goddess, Mercury, the messenger of Jove, Vulcan, the celestial artist, and Neptune, ruler of the seas—all hastened to the fleet to aid the Greeks; while Mars, the god of war, Venus, queen of beauty, Apollo, bearer of the silver

bow, Diana, virgin goddess of the chase, and Latona, mother of Apollo and Diana, gave their assistance to the Trojans.

Near the city of Troy was a mysterious river, called Scamander by men and Zanthus by the immortals. This river seemed to have been endowed with thoughts and feelings like the gods, and, flowing near the city of Troy, it naturally sympathized with the Trojans and took part with them in trying to defeat the Greeks and protect the city.

The coming of the immortals to the battle inspired the Trojans with new courage; for they had lost heart when they saw Achilles engage in the conflict. They were excited still further by the tumult and discord that the presence of the gods occasioned. Pallas raised her war-cry from the trench without the wall and shouted also from the shore. Opposite to her, standing on the city's heights, Mars fiercely yelled, encouraging the men of Troy. Thus the gods enkindled hatred be-

tween the hosts, and hideous was the strife between them. From above, the king of heaven thundered loud, while Neptune from below shook the earth and lofty mountain peaks. The heights of Ida, the great city of Troy, and the galleys of the Greeks, all trembled with the shock. Pluto, the ruler of the nether world, leaped from his throne in terror lest the trembling earth should cleave and lay bare his terrible abodes to gods and men.

Such was the tumult which filled the air and shook the earth when the immortals came to join the conflict. Against King Neptune stood Apollo with his winged shafts; Pallas, the azure-eyed, confronted Mars; encountering Juno came the huntress Diana with her golden bow; Hermes, god of the useful arts, opposed Latona; while the mighty River Zanthus, with his eddies strong and deep, stood face to face with Vulcan.

With brief debate, however, they decided to

defer the deadly conflict with one another, and to watch the battle between the Greeks and Trojans, giving them aid as might seem best. So Neptune led Juno and those who sided with the Greeks to a high mound, the mound of Hercules, raised by the Trojans, and there sat down and threw a shadow around their shoulders through which no eye could penetrate. The other gods, who sided with the Trojans, were grouped around Apollo and Mars on a hill called Beautiful. Here they sat devising plans, but unwilling to begin the fierce encounter, though Almighty Jove had given his consent.

Now ranging through the field, Achilles went seeking for Hector. Æneas saw him, and inspired with valor by Apollo, went forth to try his prowess with the Grecian hero in single combat.

Achilles met him and said, "Why hast thou come foward to meet me, Æneas? Dost thou not remember how I once caused thee to flee

before my spear? Go back, now, I bid thee, into the throng, and seek not to come forth against me, lest thou suffer harm."

Then Æneas, with brave heart, replied, "Think not to frighten me with words as if I were a child, Achilles. Remember my lineage is as good as thine, descended from Jove on my father's side, while Venus is my mother. Let us not talk like children, but try each other with our brazen spears."

So saying he flung his spear at Achilles and struck his shield with such a dreadful sound that the hero feared lest it should pierce it, forgetting that the gifts of the gods are not easy for mortal man to vanquish. So strong was the blow that the spear went through the two folds of bronze, but stopped in the gold, while there were still two other folds of tin within.

Then Achilles cast his spear and struck the shield of Æneas near the upper edge, where the brass was thinnest. Through the shield

it passed, tearing the plate and hide, and plunged into the earth beyond. Æneas stooped and thus avoided death; but when he saw the massive lance quivering in the earth, he stood amazed and struck with fear. Then Achilles drew his sword and rushed upon him, while Æneas caught up a great stone, such as no two men now could lift, and was about to cast it at Achilles.

Now, as Neptune saw them rushing at each other, and knew that Æneas would be slain, he threw a mist over the eyes of Achilles and drew the bronze-headed spear from the shield of Æneas and placed it at Achilles' feet. He then caught up Æneas and bore him over the ranks of the troops to the farthest verge of the battle; and bade him not to fight again with Achilles.

Then Neptune swept away the mist from Achilles' eyes. Looking around him, with troubled face, the hero said, "Verily, my eyes have seen to-day a great marvel. Here lies

my spear upon the ground, nor can I see the man at whom I hurled it in hopes to take his life. Truly Æneas is beloved by the immortal gods."

So saying he leaped along the lines, and called upon the sons of Greece, saying, "Stand no longer apart from the men of Troy, noble warriors, but come and let us match them man for man, and throw your souls into the fight. It were hard for me, even if I were an immortal, to fight them all; but I will go through their lines, and none I think will gladly stand to meet my spear."

Such were his stirring words. But Hector called aloud to rouse the Trojan hosts, saying that he was not afraid to meet Achilles. "Valiant Trojans," he said, "do not quail before Achilles. I, too, in words could fight even the immortals; but harder is the combat with the spear. Achilles cannot make his threatenings good. I will go against him, even though his hands were like flame, and his fierceness like the flashing steel."

Thus spake he, and the Trojans raised their spears for battle, and the adverse hosts joined in the conflict with a fearful din. Hector was rushing forward to meet Achilles, but Apollo came, and standing at his side, said, "Hector, encounter not Achilles here before the armies, but rather amidst the throng and tumult of the battle, lest perchance he slay thee with the spear or sword."

Hector heard the voice and, dismayed at the warning of the god, withdrew among the crowded ranks. But Achilles sprang in among the Trojans with a terrible cry and smote on every side, and many Trojan warriors fell to rise no more.

Polydorus, the youngest son of Priam, had not been able to gain his father's consent to go to the battle, but filled with martial ardor he had come of his own accord. He was very fleet of foot, and with a boyish pride, to show his swiftness and courage, he ran along, back and forth, through the foremost ranks of the

Trojans. Achilles saw him thus running, and smote him with his spear just where the golden buckle of his belt was clasped. The javelin pierced him through, and he fell forward upon his knees, clasping his hands around him.

When Hector saw his young brother thus struck down, a mist came over his eyes and he could stand aloof no longer. So, brandishing his spear, he came forward to smite Achilles if he could.

Achilles saw him coming, and springing up exclaimed exultingly, "There is the man who slew my dearest friend. Now draw near that you may the sooner die."

Hector, with heart unterrified, replied, "Do not think to frighten me with empty words, Achilles. I know that thou art brave, and that I am not thy equal in strength; but the issue rests in the lap of the gods, and though I lack thy prowess they may give thy life into my hands."

. Then poising his spear, with a true aim he hurled it at Achilles ; but Pallas with a gentle breath turned it aside and laid it at the noble Hector's feet. Then Achilles rushed against Hector with a great shout to smite him dead ; but Apollo drew him away and spread a darkness around him. Three times Achilles rushed against him with his spear, but smote only the cloud. Then with fierce anger he cursed him and vowed vengeance on him when he should meet him again. He then turned upon the Trojan hosts and smote them right and left, until the ground was strewn with the slain and his hands were red with blood.

The Trojans were panic-struck at his rage and fled before him, some across the plain and some toward the River Zanthus. Juno, to restrain their flight toward the city, hung a veil of cloud and darkness before them. Many of them in their fright plunged into the River and floated, struggling in the whirl and current, and the water was filled with a crowd of

mingled men and horses. Achilles followed them in swift pursuit, and, throwing his spear upon the bank, leaped in after them, armed only with his sword. On every side he smote them until the water grew crimson with their blood. The frightened warriors fled before him like fishes from some great sea monster, hiding themselves under the banks of the sacred stream.

At length he became weary with this work of death, and thinking of his vow, he took twelve youths alive, whose blood was to pay the penalty for the death of Patroclus. He led them from the stream, passive as fawns with fear, tied their hands behind them with the cords of their tunics, and thus gave them to his comrades to lead to his ships. Then turning to his struggling foes, he continued his work of slaughter.

One of Priam's sons, Lycaon, was climbing up the bank of the River, hoping to escape. He had been taken captive many years before

by Achilles and sold into captivity; but had escaped and returned to his home, and was again fighting for his country. Achilles saw him with great surprise, supposing him far away, and rushed forward to smite him.

As Achilles raised his spear, Lycaon stooped and darted underneath the weapon and seized the hero's knees, and the spear passed over his head and stood transfixed in the ground. Then he begged for his life, offering a great ransom for it, and referring to the great hardships he had already undergone at the hero's hands. Achilles spurned his offer of ransom, saying that not a man of all the Trojan race would he spare, and least of all a son of Priam. Then, drawing his sword, he struck off Lycaon's head, and seizing him by the foot threw his bleeding body into the water.

The River Zanthus was indignant at these bloody deeds of Achilles, and pondered how it might render vain his prowess and avert the destruction of Troy. As Achilles rushed

to slay Asteropæus, the grandson of a river god, Zanthus inspired the god's heart with courage, and he cast two spears at the hero, one from each hand, for he used both hands with equal skill. One of them struck the shield, passing partly through it, and the other grazed the right hand, so that the blood spurted forth. Achilles cast his spear at him, but missed his aim, and the weapon was buried in the bank. Asteropæus caught the spear and strove to draw it forth, and then to break it; but his arm was too weak, and before he could escape Achilles smote him to the ground with his sword. Then leaping upon his breast, he tore off his armor and threw his body into the River as food for the eels and fish which came and gnawed the warrior's limbs. Thus the young hero died; but he died not without some glory, for he had wounded the great Achilles.

Achilles then drew his brazen spear from the bank and plunged again into the water

to continue the slaughter. Growing still more indignant, the River raised its waves all foul with ooze, and pushed along the heaps of dead and bore them to the shore. With whirling gulfs it hid the living from his sight, while the surges with tumult rose around Achilles, beating upon his shield and making his feet stagger. He grasped a tall elm which grew upon the banks, but its roots gave way and it fell, bridging the stream with its branches. By its aid Achilles sprang from the water, and fled with terror across the plain.

Still followed the indignant River with a darker crest, intent upon driving him from the field. Achilles ran with all his speed, the water following him with a mighty roar. Whenever he stopped to make a stand, hoping to ascertain whether the gods of heaven had conspired against him, a great billow of the immortal stream would strike him, drenching his shoulders. Then forward again he

ran, while the torrent followed, sweeping the earth beneath his feet. In his fear he prayed to Jove that some power might save him from the anger of this fierce River. "Rather had I died by Hector's hands," he said, "than to meet this sorry death in which there is no glory."

His prayer was heard, and Neptune and Pallas came quickly to his side. They spoke to him and cheered his spirit with their words; when with a braver heart he continued his flight across the plain. Higher still, however, the torrent swelled and tossed its waves about; and one great billow struck him and overwhelmed him as he ran. Juno saw it and in terror cried aloud lest the hero should be destroyed by the great River. She called to Vulcan, the god of fire, to come with all speed to her aid with a vast array of flames, while she would call a tempest of winds that might sweep along a fiery torrent to consume the watery foe.

Vulcan, at her request, sent forth his fierce devouring flames. He kindled them first upon the plain, where they consumed the dust and dried the ground. Then the god seized upon the River with his glittering fires and scorched to cinders the trees and shrubs which adorned its banks, while even the fish which sported in its waters were threatened with death. The River saw the work of the scorching flames with fear, and its strength was subdued. It begged of Vulcan to withdraw his consuming fires, saying that it would consent for Achilles to drive the Trojans from their city. Praying also to Juno, it touched her heart, and she bade Vulcan to quench his dreadful fires. Vulcan obeyed, and the pleasant waters went gliding back into their peaceful bed.

Meanwhile Achilles continued to pursue and slay the sons of Troy. The aged Priam, from a lofty tower, saw him ranging through the field and the sons of Troy fleeing in tumult before him. With a cry of grief he

hastened down to the gates of the city and commanded that they be held open while the flying hosts entered it. The keepers drew the bolts and opened the gates and the people came rushing in, weary with toil and thirst, and glad to escape destruction. Achilles came rushing after them, and the city would then have been taken had not Agenor, Priam's son, moved by Apollo, done a valiant deed.

He had stood pondering in his mind, when he saw the Trojan hosts put to flight, whether to flee with the others, and, if overtaken, die like a coward; or fly across the plain toward the River, hiding in the thickets and returning at nightfall to the city's walls. Neither plan seemed entirely to his mind, so he decided to make a stand and await the coming of Achilles.

When Achilles came near enough, Agenor cast his spear at him, striking him in the leg, just below the knee, but the strong greaves turned away the spear. Then Achilles aimed

his spear to fling it at Agenor, and would certainly have slain him, but Apollo, who had moved him to his course, snatched him away and bore him in safety within the city. Apollo then took Agenor's form and fled before Achilles, who chased the god across the plain to the stream Zanthus, thinking it Agenor himself, and hoping to overtake and slay him.

During this time the men of Troy flocked into the city. None dared to remain without the walls and wait for their companions, nor did those who could reach the walls dare to stay to inquire who were safe or who were dead. Eagerly, in haste and fear, they fled for their lives, and once within, the gates were closed and they were safe from Achilles' fearful wrath.

CHAPTER XXI

THE DEATH OF HECTOR

THE Trojans were now safe within the city. Hector alone remained outside the walls, standing near the Scæan gates. His pride and grief at the defeat of his brave warriors would not allow him to flee with the rest within the city's walls, and he determined to remain without and meet Achilles in single combat.

Achilles was still in pursuit of the false Agenor who was really Apollo in disguise. When they were far away from the city's walls and all the Trojan warriors were safe within, Apollo turned and spoke to him, saying, "Why do you pursue me, swift-footed Achilles? Do you not see that I am a god, and all thy fury is in vain? The sons of Troy are now all safe within the city, and here you

are far away from it seeking to slay one who cannot die."

Then Achilles, seeing that he had been deceived by the god, replied, "You have done me a great wrong, Apollo, in luring me away from the wall, since many a warrior but for this I should have slain. You have robbed me of great glory, and saved the men of Troy. Would that I had power to take vengeance on an immortal; you would then pay dearly for this deception."

So saying he turned and rushed toward the city as swiftly as a race-horse whirls a chariot across the plain. Old Priam spied him from the walls, his glittering armor shining like a star. With outstretched hands and trembling voice he called to his son Hector, who stood before the gates waiting to do battle with Achilles. He implored him not to join in combat with Achilles, lest he be slain, for he was no match for the Grecian hero.

"Come within the walls," he said, "to save

the sons and daughters of Troy, and in pity for me, thy father, for whom an evil fate is in store, to see sons slain with the sword, and daughters carried into captivity."

His mother also came upon the walls and with tears and sobs, baring her bosom to remind him of her tender love, begged him to have pity on her and not throw his life away. "Come within the walls," she cried, "and do not wait to engage in battle with this man. For if he slay thee, neither I nor thy dear wife shall be able to pay thee the last rites of the dead, but far away by the ships of the Greeks thy body shall be given to the dogs and vultures to be devoured."

Thus weeping bitterly, his aged parents entreated their dear son to come within the walls of the city and save his life. But Hector could not be moved from his firm purpose to meet Achilles. He stood and waited for him with a resolute heart, leaning his shield against a tower that jutted from the wall. He

knew that Achilles was stronger than himself, and yet he preferred to take the chance of death at his hand rather than live dishonored and suffer the reproaches of the Trojans as the cause of their defeat.

“Woe is me,” he thought, “if I go within the walls. Polydamus will reproach me for not taking his advice and bringing the sons of Troy into the city before the night when Achilles roused himself to the war. The sons and daughters of Troy may reproach me, saying, ‘Hector trusted in his strength and in his pride, and has destroyed his people.’ Better were it for me either to slay Achilles or fall by his hand with honor, and thus perish for my country. I will stand and meet him in combat, and let Olympian Jove give the victory to one of us.”

As Hector thus mused in noble thought and with saddened heart, Achilles came near, his armor flashing like lightning as he moved. Terrible as Mars he came, brandishing over

his right shoulder his mighty spear. Hector trembled when he saw him and his heart failed him, and he left the gates and fled. Achilles pursued him with swift feet, as a hawk pursues a dove in the mountains. Past the watch-tower they ran, past the wind-blown fig tree, along the wagon road which went around the walls, until they came to the fair flowing fountain where from two springs the River Zanthus rises. Still on past the springs they ran, and thus continued until they had gone three times around the city's walls.

The gods and goddesses looked down upon the chase silent but with varied sympathies. Jupiter broke the silence, saying, "My heart is grieved for Hector, whom Achilles is now chasing around the city of Troy. Let us take counsel together whether we shall save him from death or let him fall beneath the hand of Achilles."

Then Pallas, blue-eyed goddess, spoke up, and said, "O Father! Lord of the lightning

and the storm, what is this thou hast said? Wouldst thou reprieve from death a mortal man whose doom is fixed? Do it if you will, but the other gods will not approve the act."

Jupiter, knowing that even the gods should not attempt to avert the decrees of fate, replied, "I did not speak of my design, dear child, and I would not be unkind to thee. Let it be, therefore, as thou wilt have it."

Then Pallas came down in haste from the top of high Olympus to carry out her purpose. Hector was still fleeing before Achilles, hoping to elude him, but in vain. As often as he thought, by springing toward the gates, to obtain aid from the weapons of his friends who stood upon the walls, Achilles would intercept him and force him to keep out in a wider circle. Apollo imparted strength and speed to Hector's limbs or he could not have held out so long against Achilles, who was the swiftest of foot among the sons of men.

Now, just as they came the fourth time to

the springs of Zanthus, Jove held out the great balance of doom and put in one scale the fate of Achilles and in the other the fate of Hector, and, lo! the scale of Hector sank down to the realms of death. Then Apollo, daring no longer to interfere with the eternal decrees, left the noble Hector to his fate.

Pallas, arriving on her mission, sought the side of Achilles, and said to him, "This, great Achilles, is our day of glory, for we shall slay Hector, mighty warrior though he is. Escape he cannot, even if Apollo seeks to aid him. Stand thou here awhile and take breath, while I go to him and lure him here to encounter thee."

So Achilles stood leaning upon his spear to rest himself. Then Pallas, taking the form of Deiphobus, Hector's bravest brother, appeared suddenly at his side, and said to Hector, "I find thee hard pressed, my brother, by Achilles, who pursues thee around the city.

Let us now together make a stand and drive him from the walls."

Hector saw his brother at his side with sincere delight, thinking that it was really his brother. He told him that his love for him was stronger than that for any of his other brothers, and that now he should love him more than ever, since he had ventured forth without the gates to aid him while all the rest remained within.

Then Hector stopped his flight, and approaching Achilles, said, "No longer do I fear to meet thee, Achilles, though thou hast chased me three times around the walls of Troy. But let us, before joining in the conflict, make a covenant calling the gods to witness: if Jove give me the victory, I will do no dishonor to thy body; thy arms and armor will I take, but thy body will I give to the Greeks; and do thou promise the same to me."

Thus spoke the noble Hector; but Achilles, with an angry frown, replied, "Hector, talk

not to me of covenants; men and lions make no covenant with each other, neither is there any agreement between wolves and sheep. So there shall be no covenant between you and me. Summon all thy valor, for Pallas hath doomed thee to be slain by my good spear. Thus shalt thou pay the penalty for all my comrades whom thou hast slain."

Speaking thus he poised his spear and hurled it with all his might. Hector saw it coming, and crouching upon the ground let the brazen weapon fly above his head. It flew beyond him and stood quivering in the earth. Unseen by Hector, Pallas snatched it from the ground and handed it back to Achilles.

Hector said, "Thou hast missed thy aim, great Achilles, nor hast thou learned my fate from Jove as thou pretendest, but thought to terrify me with thy words. Think not that I shall flee again and be wounded in the back; but here on the breast, if the gods will it so.

But now look out for my spear; would that it might bury itself in thy flesh."

Then Hector threw his massive spear, taking true aim. It struck the centre of Achilles' shield, but could not pierce it, for the shield was not of mortal make, but bounded far away. Hector stood for a moment dismayed, for he had not another spear; then turning to Deiphobus to ask him for his spear, he saw that he was gone.

Then the brave Hector saw that he had been deceived and knew that his end was come. "Ah! me," he said, "the gods have called me to my doom. I thought that Deiphobus was near, but he is within the walls and Pallas has deceived me. Jove and Apollo are with me no more, and I must die. But let me not die ingloriously, but with some valiant deed that men of after time shall hear of."

So speaking, he drew his sword and rushed upon Achilles to smite him. Achilles charged to meet him, his shield before his breast, his

helmet bent forward, his long plumes streaming behind, and his spear point gleaming like a star. When he came near enough, selecting with skillful eye an open place in Hector's armor, where the collar bones divide the shoulder from the neck, he drove his spear into the spot; and passing through, the point stood out behind the neck. The noble Trojan, the brave, heroic Hector, fell amid the dust, his life-blood ebbing fast away.

Then Achilles, with savage hate and boasting spirit, cried aloud, "Hector, little did you think when you stripped the armor from Patroclus of my vengeance. And now you are fallen before me, and the dogs and vultures shall devour your body."

Hector with faint voice replied, "Nay, great Achilles, by thy life and by thy knees, and by thy dear parents, let not the dogs and birds of the air devour me. Let my father and mother ransom my body, and let the sons and daughters of Troy give me burial rites."

But Achilles, scowling at him in his hate, cried, "Entreat me not, thou cur, neither by my knees nor by my parents. I could mince thy flesh and eat it raw, such grief hast thou caused me. No, trust me, naught shall save your carcass from the dogs. Though twenty ransoms, and thy weight in gold were offered, I would refuse it all. Thy mother shall never lay thy body on the bier and sorrow over thee; but dogs and birds of prey shall mangle thee."

The noble Hector, with his dying breath, answered, "I know thee well, and I foresaw that I could not move thee, for thou hast a heart of iron. Yet beware that the anger of the gods fall not on thee when Paris and Apollo strike thee down before the Scæan gates."

So speaking with prophetic foresight of the fall of him who took his life, the noble Hector died, and his brave spirit took its flight to the land of shades. Achilles, speaking to the dead, said, "Die, thou cur, and I, whenever it

shall please Jove and the other gods, will meet my fate."

Achilles then drew the spear out of the body and stripped off the armor. All the Greeks came quickly thronging about the dead hero and beheld with wonder his great size and beauty, each one in his hatred giving a wound to the corpse, and saying, "How much less dreadful is Hector now than when he set our ships on fire!"

Then Achilles did a cruel, heartless deed. He pierced the ankle bones of Hector, drew through them leathern thongs, and bound them to his car; and then, mounting his car and lashing his horses into flight, dragged the body of Hector to the ships, his head and dark locks trailing in the dust.

Hecuba, his mother, standing on the walls of Troy, saw him, and her heart was pierced with anguish. She tore her hair, and flung her lustrous veil away, and uttered piercing shrieks. His aged father, the good King

Priam, was also wild with grief. His people could scarcely restrain him from rushing forth to beg the body of his dear son from him who slew him. He threw himself in the dust and besought them each by name to give him way, saying that perchance Achilles might be moved with reverence for his age and pity for his gray hairs. The people also were full of grief, and the streets of Troy resounded with their weeping.

Andromache, his wife, did not yet know what had befallen. No one had come to tell her that Hector remained without the gates when the other warriors had sought refuge within. She sat in her dwelling weaving a web of brilliant hues embroidered with flowers. She had given orders to her maidens to prepare the bath, that Hector, coming from the field tired and dusty, might find the warm bath ready. Waiting thus with sweet thoughts of his coming, she sat among her maidens, little thinking that the blue-eyed archer queen

had slain her husband by the hand of Achilles. The voice of wailing from the town came wafted to her ears, and, trembling in every limb, she dropped the shuttle from her hand and called her maidens to go with her to see what had happened. "It may be," she said, "that Achilles has run between Hector and the city and is pursuing him to the plain, for Hector will never stay with the army, but will always fight in front."

Then she ran through the city, with a beating heart, like one distracted. When she reached the tower, all thronged with the people, she stood and, looking forth, saw the body of her husband being dragged by the horses of Achilles to the Grecian ships. Overcome with grief, she would have thrown herself from the wall, but fainted and fell backward into the arms of her maidens. From her fair head dropped the net and wreath and diadem which Venus had given her on the day when Hector



ANDROMACHE FAINTING ON THE WALL.

took her from her father's house to be his wife.

Her sisters of the house of Priam pressed around and gently raised her in her death-like swoon. As in their arms she lay her mind came slowly back to her, and with bitter sobs she made her sad complaint: "O Hector, woe is me! Would that I never had been born! For thou art dead, and goest down to the house of Hades, and leavest me a widow in thy halls. Thy infant child shall never know thy fatherly care, and even though he may survive this cruel war, hard and evil will be his lot hereafter. And as for thyself, far from thy parents shall worms devour thy body when the dogs shall have had their fill. There liest thou naked, while in these halls is thy raiment, delicate and fair, wrought by the hands of women. These shalt thou wear no more, not even in thy death; but I shall burn them before the Trojan men and dames, that all may see how gloriously thou wast arrayed."

Thus she made her sad complaint, mourning the hero whom she loved so fondly and now was dead, leaving herself a widow and her child fatherless. And all her maidens, seeing her thus heart-broken in her grief, wept with her in tender sympathy.

CHAPTER XXII

THE FUNERAL OF PATROCLUS

ACHILLES, with the body of Hector dragging behind his chariot, soon reached the Grecian ships. He had slain the valiant Hector and thereby won great renown, but he did not forget his friend Patroclus, whose death had roused him to go forth to battle. As soon as he reached his tents, he called his warriors around him and bade them prepare to perform the last sad rites to the dead hero.

These funeral rites took several days and were grand and impressive. The heroes first drove their horses and chariots in solemn march three times around the body of the dead, all the while moaning aloud and shedding bitter tears. Achilles led the wail, saying, "All hail, Patroclus, in the home of shades,

for now I shall fulfil my vow to give Hector's body to the dogs and slay twelve noble Trojan youths before thy funeral pyre."

When the march was ended, they took off their armor, unyoked their horses from the chariots, and, gathering at their ships, began to prepare a sumptuous funeral feast. Many sleek oxen had been killed during the day, and many bleating goats and sheep and fat swine had been slain. Their bodies were now stretched upon the spits roasting before the fire, while their blood was flowing around the body of the dead.

While they were preparing the feast, the comrades of Achilles led him to the tent of Agamemnon. His hands were still red with the blood of Hector and the other heroes he had slain, and they urged him to cleanse himself and make ready for the banquet. But his heart was so full of bitterness and anger that he refused to do so, swearing that he would never plunge his head into the bath

until he had laid his friend Patroclus on the fire and built his burial mound. "Let us now," he said, "attend the mournful feast, and on the morrow let wood be brought and all accustomed things be done in memory of the dead. Then we will begin the war again."

So they all gathered at the funeral feast in honor of Patroclus. For many hours they sat in solemn conclave, and when the feast was ended they arose and went to their tents to lay down to rest. But Achilles' heart was still so full of sorrow that he could not sleep, so he wandered to the beach and lay upon the shore, mourning for his friend. After he had wept for a long time he also fell asleep and thus found respite for his grief.

As he lay sleeping, there came unto him in the stillness of the night the spirit of Patroclus, standing at his side. In form and size it looked just as Patroclus did in life, having his soft voice and beautiful eyes. Coming close to Achilles' head, the vision whispered

in his ear, saying, "Hast thou forgotten me, Achilles, now that I am dead? Bury me quickly, I pray thee, that I may pass through the gates of Hades. Give me now thy hand and say farewell, for never shall we sit together again in friendly counsel. And since thou also art soon to die, I pray thee that my bones may not be laid apart from thine, but that at last the golden vase thy mother gave thee may hold our dust."

Thus spake the spirit of Patroclus as it stood at Achilles' head. The solemn words aroused him from his sleep, and, seeing the vision, he addressed it, saying, "Oh! my brother, wherefore hast thou come, and why dost thou command me thus? Thy wish, thou knowest, I shall fulfil even as thou dost desire. But draw nearer to me and let us throw our arms about each other and in a brief embrace mingle our tears and sighs."

Thus saying, Achilles reached forth his hands to clasp the form in his arms, and, lo!

he felt it not, for with a faint shriek the vision vanished like a vapor, seeming to sink into the earth.

Achilles sprang to his feet and clapped his hands together, and marveled at the vision he had seen. "Surely," he said, "there doth dwell, within the realm below, the soul and form of the dead, even though the body is no more. For all night long the spirit of my hapless friend hath stood beside my bed, in form the same as that he used to wear, and, with accents soft and sad, besought me what to do." Thus did Achilles feel assured that the spirit lived, even after the body had yielded up its life.

At these words his companions awoke, and they gathered again around the corpse and mourned. And thus they wept until the rosy morn came on, gilding the earth with light. Then they arose and began to prepare to burn the body on the funeral pile, as was their custom. Agamemnon sent forth his orders that

they should go and gather wood to form the pile. From all the tents they came, a multitude of men and mules, marching across the plain till they reached the woody wilds of Mount Ida. Then they went to work to prepare the wood, and soon the hills resounded with the strokes of axes and the noise of falling trees. Splitting the great trunks asunder, they bound them behind the mules, who dragged them through the tangled wood and onward over the plain to the ships. Behind them marched the wood-cutters, each with a log of lumber on his back. Reaching the shore, they laid them in great piles upon the ground around the place where Achilles designed to raise the tomb for Patroclus and himself.

Then Achilles bade his warriors put on their armor and yoke their horses to their chariots and arrange themselves in order for the funeral march. So they arose and put on their shining arms and mounted their chariots

with their charioteers, and the solemn march began. First came the horses with their cars and brazen-mailed heroes, and behind them marched a multitude of warriors on foot. In the midst of these was borne the body of Patroclus by his comrades, who, as they marched, cut off their hair and strewed it upon his bier. And just behind the body walked Achilles, bearing the head of the dead hero in his hands, still sorrowing for his friend.

When they reached the place that had been chosen for the funeral pyre, they set down the dead body and began to pile the wood around it. Then Achilles thought of another tribute to the dead. He had nursed for many years a golden lock of hair to offer to a river god on his return to his native land. This he now cut off, and placed the hair in the hand of his dead companion. This was a tender token of his love and touched the hearts of all who saw it and moved them to deeper grief.

Then they piled the wood and made the funeral pyre broad and high, a hundred feet from side to side; and on the top they placed the body of the dead. Around the pyre they slew many sheep and oxen, and taking from them the fat, Achilles wrapped the corpse therein from head to foot, while the bodies were piled upon the wood. Beside the bier, and leaning toward it, he placed jars of honey and of oil; and then selecting twelve choice horses he flung them upon the pile. The dead chief had nine pet house-dogs, and Achilles, striking the heads from two of them, threw these also on the wood. And last of all he slew the twelve Trojan youths that he had taken and threw their bodies on the funeral pyre.

Then wailing aloud, Achilles cried, "All hail thee, Patroclus, even in the land of spirits; for all that I have promised thee I now perform. Twelve gallant sons of Troy I offer on thy pyre to be consumed with thee. But

Hector will I not give to the fire to feed upon but to the dogs." Thus he spoke in his sorrow for his friend and his deep hate of Hector who had slain Patroclus.

But the valiant Hector was not made to be the prey of dogs; for day and night Venus had come, unseen, and driven away the dogs, and with a rosy and ambrosial oil anointed the body that it might not be torn or defaced when it was dragged along the earth. And over the body Apollo had drawn a veil of clouds, covering all the place where it might lie, so that the body might not shrivel or stiffen in the sun.

Then Achilles had another thought. The pyre was ready, but no fire had yet been applied to burn it. So standing aside from the pyre he prayed to two winds, named Boreas and Zephyr, to come and kindle the wood and wrap the pyre in flames and burn the dead to ashes, promising them fair offerings, and pouring out libations to them from a golden cup.

Iris, the swift-winged messenger of Jove, heard his prayer, and started instantly to bear the message to the Winds. She found them sitting within the halls of the murmuring Zephyr at a solemn feast. As Iris alighted at the threshold of their door they quickly rose, and bidding her good welcome, invited her to take a seat beside them. Declining their invitation with gentle words, she quickly declared her mission, saying that Achilles is praying for the two winds, Boreas and Zephyr, to come and kindle the fire of the funeral pile which he had built in honor of his dead friend Patroclus. So saying, she bade them farewell, and quickly left the palace hall.

Then the Winds arose and started on their wondrous mission, driving the clouds before them with a mighty sound. Swiftly they came blowing over the sea and raising the waves before them on their way. Reaching the coast, they swept over the fertile fields of Troy, and falling upon the pile, the flame shot

up and soon the wood blazed with a fearful roar. All night they hurled and tossed the flames, and all night long Achilles stood and with a cup drew wine from a golden bowl and poured it forth and drenched the earth and called upon the name of his departed friend.

And now the morning came flooding the earth with golden light. The burning pile grew less, and the flame died slowly down. At last their work was done, and the Winds started for their distant homes. Across the Thracian sea they flew, and the waters tossed and roared with swollen billows as they sped along.

Achilles, wearied with his vigils and his grief, turned away from the funeral pile, and lying down to rest, he quickly fell asleep. His sleep was brief, for the noise and clash of the arms of the Greeks, who were gathering around Agamemnon, awoke him. Starting up, and sitting upon his couch, he bade them

go and collect the ashes of Patroclus and place them in a golden urn. "Raise no huge barrow now," he said, "but only a seemly one; but after I am gone whoever of you may be left, do ye build it broad and high."

The chiefs then went to gather up the ashes of the dead. First they quenched the flames by pouring dark-red wine upon it. Then they collected the bones of their gentle comrade and placed them in a golden urn, and laid the urn in the tent, and covered it with a linen veil. This done they marked the circle for the grave, and laying the foundations to inclose the pyre, they heaped a pile of earth thereon. And thus they made the grave and pile, and gave the burial rites to the brave Patroclus.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE FUNERAL GAMES OF THE GREEKS

AS soon as the funeral rites of Patroclus were ended, the Greeks started to withdraw to their tents. But Achilles stopped them and bade them all be seated on the ground. He then made ready to hold a contest in games of skill and strength and in chariot-racing, in honor of the dead.

From his ships his heralds brought the prizes—caldrons, tripods, mules, horses, oxen, maidens, and shining steel. The first contest was to be a chariot race, for which five costly prizes were offered. The first prize was a maiden of peerless form, skilled in household arts, and with her a two-eared tripod of great size and value. The second prize was a beautiful young horse that no one yet had driven; the third prize was a bright new caldron that had never

known the fire ; the fourth prize was two talents of gold, and the fifth a new two-handled urn.

The prizes being named, Achilles called those who wished to join in the chariot race to come forward to the course. He would not contend himself, he said, as he might if the games were held in honor of some one other than his friend. Besides, though his horses, being of immortal birth, were swifter than all others, yet they missed their skillful charioteer who had been slain, and were now standing with drooping heads, mourning for their loss.

As he thus spoke the charioteers came forward, ready for the race. First among them was Eumelus, noted for his skill in racing as well as in bearing arms. After him came Diomed with the fleet horses he had taken from Æneas when Apollo saved that chieftain from his spear. Then came Menelaus, bringing two swift coursers, Æthe, owned by his brother, and his own swift steed Podargus. The

fourth was Antilochus, son of Nestor, with two steeds noted for their speed and strength ; and, last of all, came Meriones.

While they were making ready for the start old Nestor stepped beside Antilochus, and with cunning counsel told him how he might win the race. "It is skill in driving," he said, "rather than speed of horses that often wins success. The horses of the others are fleetier than thy own, but thou canst win the race if thou excel them in cunning." He then pointed out a post that stood in a narrow part of the course, telling Antilochus to drive near it, being careful not to strike it, and try to pass it first ; for if he did, he said, no one could overtake him after that.

Mounting now their chariots, they cast their lots to see the order in which they should make the start. Achilles shook the lots, and the lot of Antilochus leaped forth first ; and then in order came the lots of Eumelus, Menelaus, Meriones, and Diomed. Then they

brought their horses, side by side, and Achilles pointed out the turning post far off on the level plain. He had placed an umpire beside it to note the race and report the truth thereof.

The word was given, and all at once they lifted up their lashes above their steeds, and smote them with their reins, and urged them forward. Across the plain they swept, leaving the ships behind, their flowing manes waving in the wind, while beneath them rose the dust in clouds. So swift they flew that the cars would sometimes touch the earth and then again would bound into the air. The drivers stood erect, with beating hearts, eager to win the race, each calling to his horses and cheering them forward, while around them rolled great clouds of dust.

When they had turned the goal and were nearing the end of the race, all the chiefs, with skillful art, put their horses to the utmost stretch. On they came, swift as the wind, the fleet-footed steeds of Eumelus running at the

front. Behind him next came Diomed, so near it seemed as if his steeds would mount the car before them, for their heads leaned over it and their steaming breath fell warm upon the shoulders of Eumelus.

A few more leaps and Diomed would have passed him, but Apollo, in his anger, struck the shining lash from the hero's hand. It fell to the ground, and from his eyes started angry tears, for now his horses' speed was slackened and he saw the others gaining fast upon him. Pallas had seen the trick, and, loving Diomed, she caught the lash from the ground and sped after him and placed it in his hand and put new spirit into his flying steeds.

Then, in an angry mood, Pallas approached the car of Eumelus and snapped his yoke and caused his mares to run sideways from the track so that the pole was twisted to the ground. The shock was so severe that the chief was flung to the earth beside his chariot wheels, his elbows, mouth, and nose torn and

his forehead bruised with the fall. Then Diomed, quickly drawing his flying steeds to one side, darted far out beyond the rest and was foremost in the race. Behind him next came Menelaus, and near him Antilochus with his father's swift steeds.

Cheering his horses on, Antilochus said, "On, on, swift coursers, with your utmost speed. Though you may not overtake the fleet steeds of Diomed, you must not be beaten by Menelaus. Press forward with all your strength, for I have a cunning plan to pass by the horses of Menelaus where the course is narrow." The horses knew his voice, and, fearing it, sprang forward with even greater speed than before.

Now just ahead was a narrow pass where the floods of winter had hollowed out a furrow in the road. Menelaus, to avoid a clash of wheels, drove thither, but Antilochus turned his horses out of the track and followed him a little to one side. Menelaus saw the danger and

shouted to Antilochus to rein in his horses, as the way was narrow but would soon grow wider, when he could pass him if he wished. "Beware," he cried, "lest thou foul my chariot and undo us both."

But Antilochus, heeding not his words, urged on his coursers with the lash as if he had not heard him. Side by side, for a short space, they ran, when Menelaus slacked his reins and let his horses fall behind, fearing that the steeds would dash against each other and wreck the cars and hurl them both to the ground. Turning to Antilochus, he cried, "Thou art full of mischief, Antilochus, and the Greeks who call thee wise do greatly err. Go thy mad way, but thou shalt not take the prize without an oath that it was fairly won." Then, falling in behind and cheering on his horses again, he was soon close to the car of Antilochus.

Meanwhile the assembled Greeks sat looking at the horses as they came flying amid the

dust over the plain. The first to clearly spy them as they drew near the goal was Idomeneus. Sitting upon a height above the crowd, he heard a chief encouraging his steeds and knew him by his voice. He could see one of his coursers dimly through the dust, and knew it by a white spot on the forehead. Rising upon his feet he called aloud, "O friends, do ye all see the horses coming? A new pair seems to be now in the lead. The mares of Eumelus, which led in the outward course, must have come to harm, for I can no more see them, though my eye sweeps the whole Trojan plain. It may be that he did not round the post aright, or dropped the lines, or broke his chariot wheels and thus fell out of the race."

Then Ajax Oïleus, excited with the race and wishing Eumelus to win, cried out with angry voice, saying, "Idomeneus, thou art prattling idle words; thine eyes are bad, for the coursers of Eumelus, which at first outrun them all,

are still ahead, and he is standing in his car holding the reins and leading in the race."

Idomeneus, stung by these words, angrily replied, "Ajax, thou art a railer, fond of broils, a man of brutal mood. I'll wager thee a tripod or a caldron on the horses that shall win the race."

Ajax started from his seat to hurl reproaches back, when Achilles rose and commanded that the quarrel should cease. "The chiefs will soon be here," he said, "and each of you shall then see whose horses come in first."

As he thus spoke, Diomed came driving down the course, lashing his foaming steeds. So swift they flew that the car, all bright with tin and gold, made but a slender track in the dusty road. Within the circle he drew his horses up, all steeped with sweat that fell in drops from their necks and breasts. Leaping from his car, he laid his lash against the yoke and stood the victor of the race. Then Sthenelus, his friend, came forward and took the

prize for Diomed, and bade his comrades lead the maid away and bear the tripod to the victor's tent.

Next after him came Antilochus, who had won the second place by craft. Behind him close was Menelaus, who was gaining ground so fast that had the course been longer he would have passed his rival by and reached the goal before him. Some distance still behind came Meriones, whose steeds were slower than the rest. And last of all came Eumelus, drawing his showy chariot after him and driving his swift steeds before him. Achilles saw him and pitied his mishap, and, standing up, he said, "The ablest horseman brings his steeds in last. But let us give him the second prize, as is just, giving Diomed the first."

To this they all agreed, showing their approval by their loud applause. Then he would have given the mare—the second prize—to Eumelus, but Antilochus rose and said that he had won the prize and would be angry if it

were taken from him. "If you pity him," he said, "there is plenty of gold and bronze and sheep in your tent from which you can select a prize for him such as all the Greeks will approve. The mare I will not yield, even if I have to fight for her in single combat."

Achilles smiled, for he was pleased to see Antilochus succeed, as he was a companion very dear to him. So he sent one of his comrades—Antomedon—to his tent to bring a rich prize, a brazen corselet edged with shining tin, which he had taken in war. This he gave to Eumelus, who received it from Achilles with many thanks.

Then Menelaus, sore at heart, arose and accused Antilochus of thrusting in his horses before his own by craft, and thus bringing defeat and shame upon him. "Come now," he said, "and stand before thy horses and take the lash, and swear that thou didst not willfully hinder my chariot by thy guile."

But Antilochus would not take the oath and

thus forswear himself. He confessed his fault, saying that what he had done was the hasty act of youth, and begged that Menelaus would excuse it. "The mare which I have won," he said, "I will give thee, and even more, rather than fall from my place in thy esteem and become a sinner against the gods." Thus speaking, he brought the mare and put her in Menelaus's hands.

Menelaus was pleased with this graceful act, and he forgave the young hero for his thoughtless fault. He cautioned him to be careful another time, and not try to play off such tricks on men of higher rank than himself. "No other Greek," he said, "would so easily have made peace with me, but I have respect for what thou and thy brother and thy noble father have suffered for my sake." The mare, though justly his own, he said, he would give back to Antilochus, and all the Greeks might thus see that he was not of an unforgiving

mind. So he gave the mare to Antilochus and took the shining caldron for himself.

Meriones, who had come in the fourth place in the race, received the two talents of gold as his prize. The fifth prize was thus unclaimed, but Achilles gave this to Nestor, bearing it to him through the concourse of the people, saying, "Receive this, O ancient man, to keep in memory of the funeral honors paid Patroclus. I give thee this prize unwon, for thou wilt no more box or wrestle, nor hurl the javelin at the mark, nor join the foot races, since age lies heavy on thy limbs."

Thus saying he placed the urn in Nestor's hands, who received it with a grateful heart. He spoke his thanks in graceful words, telling of his former feats in games of skill, how in boxing and wrestling and in foot races he was never overcome. "Then was I a man of mark among the heroes," he said, "but now your younger men must join in feats of skill,

while I must bend to grievous age. But may the gods, Achilles, for this act of friendship and esteem, grant thee due grace."

Thus ended the chariot races and the awarding of the prizes. Achilles then arranged to have a boxing match, with prizes for the same. The prize for the victor was a large and sturdy mule, and for the vanquished a golden goblet. He then called on two of the best men to come forward and join in the contest.

In response to the call a skilled boxer named Epeius stepped forward, and, going up to the mule, laid his hand upon it, and boasted that he was the best man with his fists and would win the first prize. For awhile all were silent, but at length Euryalus, the son of a famous wrestler, arose, saying he was willing to contest the prize with Epeius. Diomed stepped to the side of Euryalus, and with a few encouraging words began to prepare him for the fight. Around his waist he drew a girdle and placed the cestus of tough bull's hide upon

his hands, and Epeius was prepared in the same way.

The two boxers then stepped out into the ring, and, raising their hands, began the contest. With many a feint and blow they fought, their blows resounding as they struck and met each other's strokes. At last, as Euryalus was looking for an opening to aim a blow, Epeius sprang forward and struck him on the cheek and felled him to the ground. Then with a generous heart Epeius, stepping forward, raised the fallen hero up, when his comrades took him and led him from the ring, his head drooping, his feet trailing, and the blood flowing from his mouth. Epeius had won the fight and received the mule as his prize, while to Euryalus they gave the golden goblet.

Achilles now arranged for a wrestling match, offering prizes both for him who won and him who lost. The prize for the winner was a costly tripod, worth twelve oxen; and for the loser a woman skilled in household

arts, and valued at four oxen. Then he called for any two who were willing to engage in the match to rise. Instantly Ajax and Ulysses stood up; and girding themselves for the contest stepped out into the ring. Standing a moment, they rushed forward and clasped each other in their mighty arms. Locked in a firm embrace, they tugged and wrenched each other until their backs creaked, the sweat ran down in streams, and large welts arose upon their sides and shoulders crimson with blood. So evenly were they matched that though each was eager for the victory, neither one could throw the other.

When they saw that the Greeks were growing weary of the struggle, Ajax said to Ulysses, "Let one of us lift the other up and leave the result to Jove." Ulysses was agreed, and then Ajax lifted him from the ground. But Ulysses, always ready with a crafty thought, raised his hand and smote Ajax deftly in the hollow of his knee. The

limb gave way and the hero fell upon his back, Ulysses falling upon his chest, while all who were looking on stood amazed.

Then in his turn Ulysses tried to lift Ajax, but his weight was so great he moved him only a little from the ground. So Ulysses crooked his knee within that of Ajax and in the struggle they fell side by side in the dust. Starting up again, they would have wrestled further ; but Achilles rose and bade them cease the contest, saying the victory is with both, and that both should have equal prizes. Then they left the ring, and wiped the dust from their bodies, and put on their garments, and took their places among the rest.

Achilles then brought forward a number of prizes for a trial of speed in foot races. The first prize was a rare and cunningly-wrought mixing bowl of silver. The second prize was a great fat ox ; and the third prize, half a talent of gold. He then called for three who were willing to contest in the foot race to rise and

come forward. The first to rise was Ajax Oïleus, noted for his fleetness of foot; the second was the crafty Ulysses; and the third was Antilochus, the best of all the young men in foot-racing.

Coming forward they stood side by side, ready for the start. At the word they darted forward with eager hearts to win the prizes. With a mighty leap Ajax shot to the front, while close behind him came Ulysses treading in his footsteps, so close that Ajax could feel the hero's breath upon his head. Thus on they ran, the Greeks shouting their applause and urging Ulysses to still greater speed.

As they came near the goal, Ulysses offered a silent prayer to Pallas that she would give him speed and help him win the race. Pallas heard his prayer, and with some secret influence made his feet feel light and strong. Just as they were rushing on the goal, Ajax, touched by Pallas, slipped and fell, his mouth and nostrils being filled with dirt, while

Ulysses, leaping over him, won the race. So Achilles gave Ulysses the golden cup, while Ajax, in wounded spirit, took the ox. As he stood beside it, holding in his hand the horn, spitting the dirt from his mouth, he said, "It was Pallas who caused my feet to slide and helped Ulysses." At these words all the Greeks laughed, highly amused to see his sorry plight.

The third prize was given to Antilochus, who took it with a smile, and turning to the Greeks paid a graceful tribute to Ulysses. "My friends," he said, "ye will all bear me witness how the immortal gods honor the elder men. For though Ajax is a little older than myself, Ulysses is of a former age and of an earlier race of men. A green old age is his; and yet no one can excel him in swiftness except Achilles." These words so pleased Achilles that he added to the prize of Antilochus half a talent of gold; and the young hero received it gladly from the aged chief.

Achilles then brought a spear of great length, and laid it down in the middle of the ring, and placed by it the buckler and helmet of Sarpedon which Patroclus had won from him in the fight. Standing before them he said, "I call on any two who will to arm themselves and come forward and contest with spear and shield for the arms of Sarpedon. Whoever shall first pierce through the armor to the delicate skin and draw the crimson blood, to him I will give these arms and also this beautiful silver-studded sword which I took from Asteropæus in the fight."

As soon as he had done speaking up rose Ajax and Diomed, the two mightiest wielders of the spear and shield. Putting on their armor they came forward, eager to contend for the prize; while all the Greeks looked on with dread and wonder. Standing face to face, they rushed three times toward each other, seeking to find a chance to aim a blow. At last Ajax with a mighty arm, thrust his spear at the shield of

Diomed. Through the shield it went and into the mail beneath, but the mail was so strong that it stopped the force of the spear, and the hero was untouched.

Meantime Diomed kept aiming over his shield at the neck of Ajax, with intent to strike him there with his spear and bring the blood. The Greeks became alarmed for Ajax, and shouted that the strife should cease, and each take equal prizes for the fight. So the combat ceased; and Achilles gave to Diomed the silver-studded sword with the sheath and costly belt.

Next Achilles placed before the hosts a heavy mass of iron which years before the mighty Eëtion used to hurl. Achilles had slain the hero and brought this iron with other booty in his ships to Troy. Standing before them he said, "Whoever will contend for this, stand forth; for so great is the mass that if one be a tiller of the soil needing iron, it will last him many years, and he will not need to send to town to obtain a supply."

As he ceased speaking, four men of great strength, Polypœtes, Leonteus, Ajax, and Epeius, came quickly forward. Standing in order, Epeius seized the mass and whirled and flung it, and all the Greeks laughed to see it fly. Then Leonteus, renowned for strength and in form as handsome as a god, lifted the mass and flung it far away. The third to try his strength was Ajax, who seizing the mass, sent it with a stalwart arm, far beyond the mark of both the others. But when the valiant Polypœtes took it up, he flung it as far beyond them all as a shepherd flings his staff when driving his flocks. Then all the people shouted in loud applause; and the friends of Polypœtes arose and took the prize and bore it to the ships.

One more prize Achilles brought, and that was for those skilled in the use of the bow and arrow. Ten doubled-edged axes he set up for the first prize, and ten single axes for the second prize. Then taking from the prow of

the ship a mast, he set it up in the sand, and tying to its top by the foot a pigeon with a fine cord, he said, "Whoever strikes the bird shall have the double axes for his prize; while he who misses the bird and hits the cord shall take the single axes."

The two most noted archers, Teucer and Meriones, then stepped forth to contend for the prizes. Their lots were shaken in a helmet to see who should have the first trial; and the lot of Teucer leaped forth first. Then Teucer drawing his bow, sent an arrow with all his force; but made no vow to give an offering to Apollo, the god of archery. He missed the bird, such was Apollo's will; but struck the cord close by the foot where the bird was tied, and cut the cord away. The bird thus loosed shot upward toward the sky, and the cord hung loose toward the earth; and all the Grecians shouted in applause.

Then Meriones took the bow from Teucer's hand and laid an arrow on it, and standing for

a moment, made a vow to Apollo to offer a chosen hecatomb of lambs. Then looking upward toward the pigeon as high in the air it flew, circling round beneath the clouds, he let his arrow fly. The arrow was well aimed, for shooting upward it struck the pigeon in the breast beneath the wing, the shaft passing entirely through, and turning fell to the ground at the archer's feet. The bird thus struck settled slowly down upon the galley's mast with drooping head and wings; and soon thereafter dropped from the mast to the ground; while all the people marvelled at the wondrous skill. So Meriones took the double axes as his prize, and Teucer took the single axes for the second prize.

And last of all Achilles set in the ring a ponderous spear and a flower-embossed caldron that had never been touched by the fire. Calling for men who were skilled in casting the javelin, he met a quick response; for Agamemnon, king of men, and Meriones, the

skillful archer, both came forward to contend for the prizes. But before they joined in contest Achilles said, "Agamemnon, we all do know how far thou dost excel all others, and dost cast the spear with passing strength; so take thou this prize as victor to thy many ships, and if it please thee, as is my wish, give to our brave Meriones the spear."

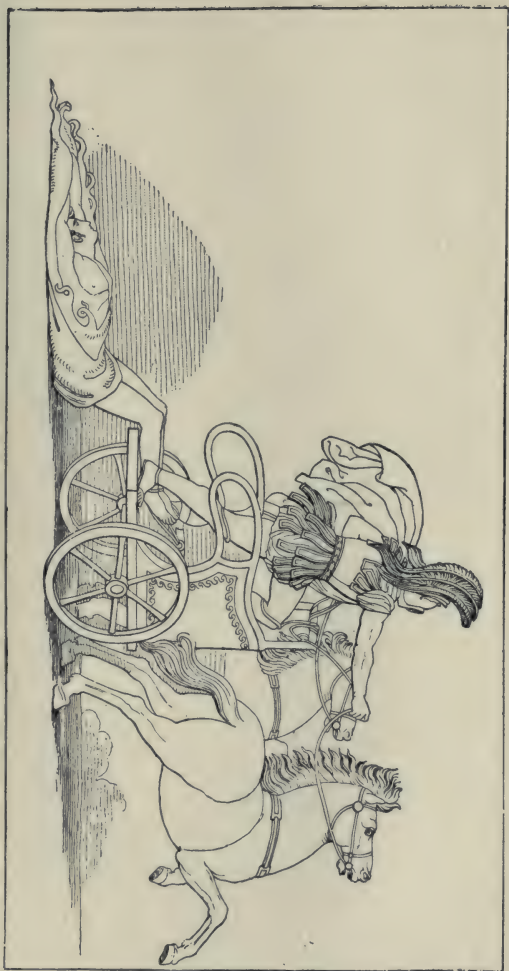
Agamemnon was pleased with these words and assented to the request. So to Meriones Achilles gave the spear of bronze, while to a herald he gave the goodliest prize to carry to the ships of Agamemnon. Thus ended the games of skill and strength with which Achilles closed the funeral ceremonies of his friend Patroclus.

CHAPTER XXIV

HECTOR'S BODY RECOVERED

ACHILLES still mourned for his dead companion Patroclus. He had slain the noble Hector and dragged his body in the dust, and held the solemn funeral rites; but it did not assuage his grief. No sleep came to his eyes as he lay tossing upon his bed yearning for his valiant comrade. All that they had ever done together—the hardships they had borne, the battles fought—came thronging to his memory and wrung his heart with grief. Rising from his couch, he wandered forth to weep down by the shore of the ever-sounding sea.

As soon as it was light he yoked his fleet steeds to his chariot and dragged the body of Hector three times around the tomb of Patroclus. Then he went again to his tent, leav-



HECTOR'S BODY DRAGGED AT THE CAR OF ACHILLES

ing the body stretched upon the ground with its face downward in the dust. Apollo, moved with pity, left the body free from soil or stain, holding his golden ægis above it, so that it might not be torn as it was dragged along the rough ground. Thus did Achilles in his anger continue to treat the body of the dead hero with cruelty and indignity.

The blessed gods looked down upon the scene with pity. The noble spirit and valiant deeds of Hector had won their love, and they could not witness Achilles' cruel acts unmoved. So it was suggested that Mars go down and steal the body and bear it secretly away to Troy. But Juno, Pallas, and Neptune still persisted in their wrath and would not give their consent; and Jupiter did not think it best, as it could not be done without the knowledge of Achilles, who kept a constant watch over the body.

On the twelfth day Apollo arose, and in earnest words besought Jupiter to deliver

Hector from the power of Achilles, in whose breast there was neither love of justice nor sense of pity. Juno still objected; but Jove, the All-Father, remembering that Hector never failed to offer gifts to the gods, determined that he should be restored to his friends. So he called Iris, his messenger, and bade her go to Thetis, the mother of Achilles, and bring her to the heavenly mount, and he would send her to persuade her son to give up the body of Hector.

On swiftest wing Iris descended from the sacred mount and plunged into the dark-blue sea. Far down she sank into the ocean depths until she came where Thetis sat in her roomy cave with the other goddesses of the ocean around her. Giving her the message of her father Jove, she led her quickly upward to the Olympian mount. They found him seated on his throne with all the immortals gathered around him. Pallas, sitting next to Jove, arose and gave her seat to Thetis, while

Juno put into her hand a golden cup and soothed her heart with words of sympathy. Jupiter then told her that it was his will that Hector should be given to his friends, and that she should go and persuade Achilles to restore the body for a proper ransom.

Thetis, at the request of Jove, went quickly to Achilles' tent and found him weeping. She took her seat beside her son, and, with a mother's fondness, smoothed his brow, and told him that it was the will of the gods, and especially of Jove, that he give up the body of Hector, and take in exchange the ransom of gold and precious things that his father was willing to give for him. "Do this," she said, "and cease lamenting, for thou hast not long to live."

Achilles listened to these words of his mother, and, remembering her kindness and love, his heart was softened; and he yielded to her request, saying, "Let him who comes

and brings the ransom take the body, if such be the will of the gods."

Then Jupiter sent Iris to King Priam to tell him that Achilles had agreed to take a ransom for the body of his son. Cleaving the air like a swift bird, she left the heavenly regions and came to Troy. She found the aged king, with his face wrapped in his mantle, sorrowing and wailing, his sons weeping around him, while his daughters were wailing through the chambers of the palace. Standing beside him, Iris spoke in soft, low tones, telling him to be of good cheer, for Jove had sent her to bid him to go to Achilles, taking rich gifts with him, and ransom his dear son Hector. "Go without fear of death or harm," she said, "but go alone. Let only an aged herald go with thee to aid thee in bringing back the body."

When Priam heard these words his heart was cheered, and he arose and bade his sons bring forth his chariot and bind a coffer on it

Then calling his wife he told her of his purpose to go to Achilles with ransom for his son, and that a message from Olympian Jove bade him do so. His aged consort, thinking of the danger, wept and tried to dissuade him, telling him that he himself would be slain, as Achilles would have neither respect nor pity for him. But she could not divert him from his purpose, for he had heard the voice of an immortal, and had faith in the promise of the gods. In his firm purpose, he said, "I shall go even though Achilles slay me, that I may embrace once more the body of my son."

He then opened his coffers and bade his sons put into the wagon robes and mantles that had never been washed, and rings and cloaks and tunics, twelve of each, and tablets of gold, and two bright three-footed caldrons, and fair vases, and a cup of passing beauty, which the Thracians had given him. He spared nothing that he had, if only he might ransom his son. The loiterers, who had gath-

ered around in idle curiosity, he drove away with angry words, telling them that they would be an easy prey to the Greeks now that Hector was dead.

In the bitterness of his spirit he also spoke harshly to his sons, bidding them to go and yoke his mules to the wagon, and telling them that he would rather that all of them had died if only Hector could have lived. They obeyed his command, and yoked the mules to the wagon, and carried forth the treasures and piled them on the car, and then led forth the horses. These the king and the aged herald yoked to the car, each thinking how they should best perform their task.

Hecuba, the queen, came bearing in her hand a cup of delicate wine that the king should make an offering to Jove and implore his blessing. Priam was well pleased with her prudent thought, and, calling a hand-maiden, bade her pour water on his hands as he washed them. Then he took the goblet

from the queen, and, standing in the middle of the court, raised his eyes in prayer and poured the wine, imploring Father Jove to pity him and send a messenger, his own swift favorite bird, to fly at his right hand, that he might go with a good heart to the ships of the Greeks. Jupiter heard his prayer and sent forth an eagle, the bird of surest omen, to fly upon the right, and when they saw the bird their hearts grew light and full of hope.

The aged king now mounted his chariot and drove in haste from the palace. Before him the mules drew the four-wheeled wagon, guided by the herald Idæus. All his friends and kinsmen followed him, weeping as for one who was going forth to his death. When they reached the plain they left him and returned to the city, while he and the herald drove on toward the ships of the Greeks.

Jupiter saw him starting on his mission, and his heart was moved with pity toward the aged king. Calling Hermes, he bade him to

go quickly to the earth and guide him to the ships of the Greeks, and prevent any one seeing him before he came to the tent of Achilles. Hermes, who is man's truest friend among the gods, gladly accepted the mission. Binding on his feet his golden sandals with which he flies so swiftly, and taking his wand in his hand with which he opens and closes the eyes of men at his will, he flew down from Olympus. Lighting on the plains of Troy, he took on himself the likeness of a fair youth, as handsome as a prince.

Meanwhile Priam and the herald had driven on past the tomb of Ilus to the River Zanthus, where they paused a moment, to let their horses drink. The twilight was now falling around them, when the herald spied a young man approaching them, and said to Priam, "Let us consider what is best for us to do, for I see a man, and I fear that he is coming to take our lives. Shall we urge our steeds to

flight, or shall we go nearer and entreat him, that he may have pity on us?"

The old king was sorely troubled at these words, and stood for awhile motionless, not knowing what it were best to do. But the young man, who was Hermes in disguise, came up to them and with a friendly manner took the king by the hand and asked him whither he was going with his horses and mules in the darkness. "Hast thou no fear of these fierce Greeks," he said, "who are close at hand? Thou art not young, neither is thy attendant, that ye should defend yourselves from the enemy. I will not harm thee, however, neither will I suffer any others to do thee harm, for thou art like my own dear father."

These words dispelled the fear of the king, and set his heart at rest, and he said, "This is very true, my son. But surely one of the blessed gods is with me in causing me to meet **one** so fair and wise as thou art. For gracious

are thy words, and blessed are the parents of such a son."

Hermes replied, "Most wisely hast thou spoken, aged man. But tell me truly, art thou sending away these treasures that they may be kept safe for you far away from the city; or are all the men of Troy now leaving it since Hector, thy son, and their bravest warrior is dead?"

King Priam answered, "Who art thou, my son, and what is thy race, that thou speakest so truly and in such kind words of my hapless son?"

Hermes replied that he had often seen Hector in battle; and "When he drove the Greeks before him to the ships, we stood and watched him and marveled at him," he said, "for Achilles would not permit us to join the fight. I am a follower of Achilles, and came from Greece in the same ship with him."

Then said Priam, "Tell me, if thou art an attendant of Achilles, is my son, the noble

Hector, yet by the ships, or have the dogs devoured him?"

And Hermes answered him, "Neither dogs nor vultures have devoured him. He lies still by the ships of Achilles, and neither decay nor any unseemliness has come to him. The blessed gods love him well, even though he is dead."

These words pleased King Priam, and he said, "It is well for a man to honor the gods. For, indeed, as my son never forgot the dwellers on Olympus, so have they not forgotten him even in death." He then offered Hermes a golden cup if he would lead him to the tent of Achilles.

But Hermes would not take the cup, saying that he could take no gift from his hand unknown to Achilles. He offered to guide the king to the ships, however, even to Argo itself, if he desired it, telling him that no one would blame his doing so.

He then leaped in the chariot of the king

and caught the reins in his hand, and, driving on through the darkness, seemed to give the horses and mules a strength and swiftness beyond their own. They soon reached the wall and the trench that guarded the ships, and saw the guards busy with their evening meal. Hermes, with a wave of his sceptre, caused a sleep to fall upon them ; and, opening the gates, he drove through unseen, and brought Priam and his treasures to the tent of Achilles. Then Hermes leaped from the chariot, saying :

“Lo! I am Hermes, whom my father Jove hath sent to be thy guide. And now I shall depart, for I would not that Achilles should see me. But go thou in and clasp his knees, and beseech him by his father and his mother and his child. So shalt thou move his heart with pity.”

So saying, Hermes took his way back to Olympus. King Priam leaped from the chariot and, leaving the herald to take charge of the

mules and horses, went into the tent of Achilles. He found the hero within, just finishing his evening meal, two of his comrades waiting upon him, and the others sitting by themselves apart. The king, still unseen, went close to Achilles and clasped his knees and kissed his hands, those dreadful, murderous hands that had slain so many of his sons. Achilles was amazed to see King Priam, and all his comrades looked upon each other, wondering at the sight. Then King Priam spoke to Achilles, saying :

“Godlike Achilles! think of thy father, and pity me. He is old as I am, and it may be he has no defender from his foes. Yet so long as he knows that thou art alive it is well with him. But as for me, I am altogether wretched. Many a valiant son have I lost, and he who was the best of all and kept our city safe has been slain by thee. Have pity on him and on me, thinking of thy own dear

father. Never, surely, was lot so sad as this, to kiss the hands that slew a son.'"

These words of the king so touched the heart of Achilles that he wept, thinking now of his friend Patroclus, and now of his old father at home. Priam also wept, thinking of his dead son Hector. Then Achilles, taking the suppliant gently by the hand, removed his clasp from his knees, while both continued weeping until the tent resounded with their lamentations.

At last Achilles rose from his seat and, taking the aged king by both hands, raised him to his feet, pitying his white hair and beard. Then, addressing him, he said :

"How darest thou come to the Grecian fleet to see the man who smote thy son? Surely thou must have a heart of iron. But sit thou here and let our sorrows rest in our hearts, for there is no good in lamenting them. It is the will of the gods that man should suffer woe, and to thee the gods have given this

affliction. But be firm of heart and sorrow not for thy son, for thou canst not bring the dead to life again."

But the aged king replied, "Bid me not be seated here while Hector lies among thy tents unburied. Let me ransom him at once, that I may look upon his face once more. Receive these gifts I bring thee, and may the gods grant thee a safe return to thy native shore."

Achilles frowning, said, "Vex me not, old man; for it was in my thought to let thee ransom Hector. My mother came to me from the sea, telling me such was the wish of Jove; and I believe that thou hast not come hither without some guidance from the gods. But remind me no more of my grief, lest thou chafe my spirits and I disobey the gods and do thee harm."

King Priam, fearing to arouse his anger, kept his peace. Then Achilles hastened from his tent, taking two comrades with him. They

went and loosed the horses and the mules, and brought in the herald, and took the costly gifts, all save two tunics wherein they might wrap the dead. And Achilles bade two women wash and anoint the body, but apart from the tent, lest Priam should see his son and cry aloud, and thus awaken fury in his heart. When the body was washed and anointed, Achilles lifted it in his arms and put it on a litter; and his comrades lifted the litter and put it on the wagon.

When all this was done, Achilles' grief for his lost friend broke out afresh, and he cried, saying, "O my Patroclus, be not displeased with me if thou in Hades hear that I restore Hector to his father, since a noble ransom I have received for him, of which thou also shalt have thy share."

He then went back into his tent, and seating himself near the old king, he said, "Thy son is ransomed, as thou hast asked, and lies upon his bier. Thou shalt behold him with

the early dawn, and bear him hence. But now, aged sire, let us eat. To-morrow thou shalt weep for Hector, while bearing him to his home where many tears will be shed for him."

Achilles then prepared a noble banquet for them, and they ate and drank. And when the meal was ended, Achilles and Priam sat looking at each other with admiration, Priam marveling at Achilles, so godlike in his form, and Achilles marveling at Priam for his gracious aspect and his pleasant speech.

At length Priam said, "Dismiss me quietly to rest, great Achilles, for I have not slept since my son fell by thy hand. Now, my eyes are heavy, and I long to be refreshed with pleasant slumber."

So they spread a sumptuous couch outside the tent where no one might see him, should it chance that any of the chiefs should come to the tent of Achilles to take counsel, and espying him should inform Agamemnon and

thus delay the ransom. And with pleasant words Achilles bade him go to rest.

The aged king, thanking him for his kindness, now requested that there be a truce between the Greeks and Trojans for twelve days. Nine days he would mourn for Hector, and on the tenth day they would bury him and feast the people, and on the eleventh day they would raise a great tomb above him. And on the twelfth day they would be ready to fight again, if they must fight.

Achilles answered, "Let it be as thou desirest; I will stay the war for that space of time." Then that the aged king might feel no fear, he grasped his right hand at the wrist, a token of good faith. So King Priam and the herald went to their couches on the porch of the tent, while Achilles slumbered on his stately couch within.

Now, while Priam slept, Hermes came to him, having entered unnoticed by the watchers at the gate, and awaking him, said, "O aged

king, dost thou forget that thou art sleeping among thy foes? Achilles has ransomed Hector; but thy sons would pay three times as much for thee should Agamemnon hear that thou rest among the ships."

The old man trembled at these words, and arousing the herald they arose and made ready to depart. Hermes silently yoked the horses and the mules, and drove them cautiously through the camp and out the gates, so that no one saw them. When they came to the River Zanthus, where Hermes had met them in the evening, he left them and departed again to Olympus; and soon the rosy hues of morning shone over all the earth. Then on they went with heavy hearts, weeping and wailing, and drove the body toward the city.

The first to see them, as they came toward the city, was Cassandra, the beautiful daughter of Priam. Standing on a height, she espied her father and the herald and the dead body on the litter; and calling to the people,

she said, "Sons and daughters of Troy, let us hasten forth to meet Hector, if ever we have met him with joy, as he came back from battle."

As they heard her voice they all rushed forth to meet the body of Hector; and soon there was not a person in the city. They met the wagon near the gates, his wife Andromache leading the way, and his mother and **all the multitude** following, pressing around the body and touching the forehead with their hands. So great was their grief and desire to see the body of their dead hero that **they** would have kept it there all day long; but Priam asked them to give place, so that they might take him to his home where they could all come and weep.

So the throng gave way, and they took his body to his home and laid it on his bed, within his royal halls. Then they placed the singers beside it to lead the dirge, who sang a sad

lamenting strain, while all the women answered it with sobs.

As they chanted thus the dirge, Andromache, his wife, came forward and took his head in both her hands, and cried, "Oh! my husband, thou hast died young and left me a widow, and our child, thy child and mine, only an infant. I fear he will not grow to manhood, for ere that day will 'Troy be overthrown, since thou, its chief defence, art dead. Sore is thy parents' grief, O Hector! but sorest mine, for thou didst not stretch a hand of farewell to me from thy bed nor speak any word of comfort for me to muse on while I weep night and day."

Next came Hecuba, his mother, and took up the lamentation, saying, "O Hector! most fondly loved of all my sons, dear in thy life to the immortal gods and dear also in death. Achilles took thy life with his cruel spear and dragged thee around the tomb of his dear Patroclus, yet could not bring him back to

life. And now thou liest fresh and fair as early dew, like one just slain with silent arrows aimed by the god of the silver bow."

Last of all came Helen, and, taking up the lamentation, cried, "O Hector! who wast dearest to my heart of all my husband's brothers, would I had died sooner than thou. I came a stranger from my native shore, yet never have I heard from thee a word of anger or reproach. And when the sons of Priam or his daughters or wife spoke tauntingly to me, thou didst take my part and with soft address and gentle words restrain their tongues. Therefore I weep for thee and also for myself, since no one is left in Troy to be my friend, for all will shun and hate me now."

And all the people answered, wailing. Then Priam sent his people to gather wood for the burial rites, telling them that they need not fear the Greeks, as Achilles had promised to stay the war until the twelfth day should come.



THE FUNERAL OF HECTOR

So they yoked the mules and oxen to the wains, and for nine days gathered wood and made a lofty funeral pile. On the tenth day they brought the corpse of Hector from the town, and, with many tears, lifted it high upon the pile, and lit the fire beneath it. All night long it burned, until the pile was level with the ground.

And when the rosy morning came again, the people gathered round the funeral pyre. They first quenched the embers with wine, and then his brothers and companions gathered together the white bones, and placed them in a golden urn. Over this they drew a covering of soft purple robes and laid it in a hollow grave. And over all they raised, with fragments of rock, a mighty mound, keeping their sentries set on every side lest the Greeks should come to renew the war.

When the tomb was built, the multitude returned to the city and held a royal feast in

the palace of King Priam. Such was the mighty Hector's burial rite.

“Such honors Ilium to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.”

—*Pope.*

CHAPTER XXV

THE FATE OF TROY

THE story of the Iliad, as told by Homer, ends with the death and burial of Hector. The readers of this book will, no doubt, wish to know what became of Troy and those who were associated with the events already described. These things, which we learn from the Odyssey and other poems, will be very briefly related.

After the death of Hector, Troy continued its resistance, aided by new allies. One of the most noted of these allies was Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons, a band of brave female warriors. Penthesilea slew many of the Grecian warriors, and was at last slain by the hand of Achilles. But when the hero bent over his fallen foe and saw her beauty, youth, and valor, his heart was touched and he bit-

terly regretted his victory. Thersites, the insolent brawler and demagogue, whom Ulysses had once silenced, ridiculed his grief and was slain by him, a deed which the gods condemned, and for the expiation of which Achilles was obliged to offer many sacrifices.

As the war went on, Achilles one day by chance saw Polyxena, the daughter of King Priam, and, captivated with her charms, he sought to win her in marriage. To do this he agreed to use his influence with Greece to close the war and grant peace to Troy. While he was in the temple of Apollo, arranging for the marriage, Paris discharged at him a poisoned arrow, which, guided by Apollo, struck Achilles in the heel, the only vulnerable part of his body. The wound was fatal, and thus the great hero died.

The body of Achilles, thus treacherously slain, was rescued by Ajax and Ulysses. Thetis directed the Greeks to bestow her son's armor on the hero who should be judged the

most worthy of it. The only two claimants were Ajax and Ulysses; and a select number of chiefs, who were appointed to award the prize, gave it to Ulysses, thus placing wisdom above valor. Ajax was so disappointed that he slew himself, and it is said that on the spot where his blood sank into the earth a flower sprang up, called the hyacinth, bearing on its leaves the first two letters of the name of Ajax—Ai, the Greek word for “woe.”

Paris did not live long to boast of his victory over Achilles. He was soon after wounded by Philoctetes with one of the arrows which Hercules had dipped in the blood of a Hydra. Paris, when a youth, had married a beautiful sea nymph, C none, who had warned him against his voyage to Greece, but told him if he ever was wounded to come to her, as she alone could cure him. In his distress he now thought of her and besought her to cure his wound; but C none, remembering the wrongs she had suffered, refused to do so, and he re-

turned to Troy and died. Quickly repenting of her cruelty, she hastened to his relief, but coming too late, she threw herself upon his funeral pyre and perished.

Now there was in Troy a celebrated statue of Minerva, called the Palladium. It was said to have fallen from heaven, and the belief was that the city could not be taken so long as this statue remained within it. Ulysses and Diomed entered the city in disguise, and secured the statue and carried it off to the Grecian camp.

Still the city held out and the Greeks began to despair of ever taking it. At length, by the advice of the crafty Ulysses, they resolved to resort to stratagem. They pretended to be making preparations to abandon the siege and return to their native country. At the same time they constructed a colossal wooden horse, which they gave out was intended as an offering to Minerva, but in fact was filled with armed men. The remaining Greeks then be-

took themselves to their ships and sailed away, feigning to have left the coasts of Troy forever.

The Trojans, seeing the camp broken up and the fleets gone, concluded that the enemy had abandoned the siege. The gates were thrown open and the whole population issued forth rejoicing. The great wooden horse was naturally the chief object of curiosity. All wondered what it could be for. Some recommended that it should be brought into the city as a trophy, while others felt afraid of it.

While they thus hesitated, Laocoön, the priest of Neptune, said to them, "What madness, citizens, is this? Have you not learned enough of Grecian fraud to be on your guard against it? For my part, I fear the Greeks even when they offer gifts." So saying, he threw his lance against the horse's side, from which there resounded a feeble clash of arms.

Then, perhaps, the people might have taken his advice and destroyed the fatal horse and

its contents ; but just at this moment a group of people came forward, dragging one who seemed to be a prisoner and a Greek. Pretending to be stupefied with terror, he was brought before the chiefs, who promised that his life should be spared if he would return true answers to the questions asked him.

By means of a well-studied tale, he then told them that he was a Greek, Sinon by name, and that he was a fugitive from the Greeks and on his way to implore the protection of the Trojans. With regard to the wooden horse he said it had been built by the Greeks as a propitiatory offering to Minerva, and made so large to prevent its being carried into the city, for Calchas, their soothsayer, had told them that if the Trojans took possession of it, they would assuredly triumph over the Greeks.

This story was so plausible that it turned the tide of the people's feelings, and they now began to think how they might best secure

the favorable auguries connected with it. Just then a singular event occurred, which dispelled any distrust that might have remained. Advancing over the sea two immense serpents were seen coming toward the land. On they came toward the temple of Neptune, where Laocoön, with his two sons, had gone after striking the wooden horse with his spear, to offer a sacrifice to the ruler of the waves. Before the father could warn his sons or fly with them, the reptiles coiled their immense folds around the youths, breathing their pestilential breath in their faces. The father attempted to rescue them, but was also seized and entangled in the serpents' coils. With all his might he struggled to tear them away, but in vain; and father and sons, beholding their mutual agonies, were strangled within their poisonous folds.

The fate of Laocoön was thought by the Trojans to be a penalty from the gods for his irreverent treatment of the wooden horse,

which they no longer hesitated to regard as a sacred object. The infatuated people now made haste to convey this new Palladium, or new pledge of safety, into the city. With songs and loud exultation they brought it to the walls. The boys and girls even delighted to touch the cords by which it was drawn. When it was found that the gate was not large enough for its admittance, part of the wall was broken down, and at last the fatal horse stood in the midst of Troy.

Rejoicing at their deliverance from their dangerous enemies, the people now abandoned themselves freely to wine, and with dance and song reveled until a late hour of the night. At last, while they were buried in sleep, the Grecian fleet, which had concealed itself behind the island of Tenedos, again landed on the shores of Troy. Sinon put a ladder to the wooden horse and opened a secret door and let out the Grecian chiefs who were concealed within. They gave a sign to those on board



THE FATE OF LAOCOÖN

the ships by lighting a torch, and then, overpowering the drunken guard, they opened the gates of the city, and in rushed the Greek army. The city was set on fire, the people, overcome with feasting and sleep, were put to the sword, and Troy was completely subdued.

King Priam, when he found the Greeks within the city, armed himself and was about to mingle with the combatants; but Hecuba, his aged queen, prevailed on him to take refuge with herself and daughters as a suppliant at the altar of Jupiter. His youngest son, Polites, pursued by Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, rushed in the temple wounded and expired at his father's feet. Priam, overcome with indignation, hurled his spear with feeble hand against Pyrrhus, who, revering no temple or god in his fury, plunged his sword into the old man's heart.

Queen Hecuba and her daughter Cassandra were carried away as captives to Greece. Cassandra had been loved by Apollo, and he gave

her the gift of prophecy, but when he was afterwards offended with her he rendered her gift unavailing by ordaining that no one should ever believe her predictions.

On the fall of Troy, Cassandra had fallen to Agamemnon in the division of the spoils. He carried the beautiful captive with him to Greece, where she was slain by the hand of his wife, Clytemnestra.

Polyxena, another daughter of Priam, who had been loved by Achilles, was demanded by the ghost of the warrior, and was sacrificed by the Greeks upon his tomb.

The fate of Helen, who had in a way been the cause of all this war, will also be related. She had not ceased to love Menelaus, though she had deserted him for another through the influence of Venus. After the death of Paris she secretly aided the Greeks on several occasions, especially when Ulysses and Diomed entered the city in disguise to carry off the statue of Minerva. After the fall of Troy

she became reconciled to her husband, and they were among the first to leave the shores of Troy for their native land. They met with many delays, but at length arrived in safety at Sparta, where they resumed their royal dignity and lived and reigned in splendor.

Agamemnon, the chief of the Greeks, was not so fortunate. During his absence from home, his wife, Clytemnestra, had been false to his household, and when his return was expected, she and her paramour, Ægisthus, laid a plot for his destruction; and at a banquet, given to celebrate his return, foully murdered him. It was intended to slay his son, Orestes, also; but his sister, Electra, saved his life by sending him secretly away to his uncle, king of Phocis. How he avenged his father's death may be read elsewhere, and is an interesting story.

Every one who has read thus far will no doubt be anxious to know what became of the crafty Ulysses. The story of his journey

home, filled with marvelous adventures, and his meeting with his lovely wife, Penelope, is told by Homer in a poem called the Odyssey. This interesting narrative may also be found, prepared by the author of this book, under the head of "The Story of The Odyssey, for Boys and Girls."



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